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THE LAND LEAGUE.

IF it is true that tenants who had been coerced into dishonesty are beginning to pay their rents, and if the Land League is relaxing its hold on the fears and sympathies of the people, the change for the better is due to the prospect of improved legislation, and to the increased energy which the Government has displayed since the meeting of Parliament. Thus far the alarm professed by the obstructive members lest the arrest of DAVITT should precipitate an outbreak has not been justified by experience. It was alleged with a certain literal truth that the chief agitator had warned his followers against immediate insurrection; and it was consequently assumed as a reason for tolerating his seditious language, that on his withdrawal a check on popular violence would be removed. Even if DAVITT intended that his ostensible counsels should be followed, his only argument against revolt was founded on the probability that it would be unsuccessful. While he stimulated the passions of the populace to the utmost, he appealed, with perhaps greater effect, to their fears. The Government is not likely to be regarded as less formidable because it has used its powers to silence a dangerous demagogue. At the same time the disaffected Irish learned that the dreaded Protection Bill would not be much longer delayed. The ruffians who execute the lawless decrees of the Land League are probably thinking by this time of providing for their own safety before the Habeas Corpus is suspended in those districts which will be immediately proclaimed. Defaulting tenants perhaps foresee that no Land Bill will relieve them from their debts; and that even fixity of tenure will be conditional on the payment of a stipulated or arbitrated rent. Any improvement which may be discerned in the state of Ireland will tend to illustrate the truism that force is the only remedy for lawlessness.

In some cases labourers who had been forbidden by the Land League to work for their employers are beginning to feel the inevitable pressure of want. Their numbers will be swelled by others of the same class whom impoverished landowners have against their will been forced to dismiss. Agitators, lay and clerical, may perhaps for the moment persuade them that their interest is on the side of the mutinous occupiers. If any disturbance should unfortunately occur, the ranks of disorder will be largely recruited from the poorest section of the community; but in time the labourers will not be satisfied with an agrarian system which would dry up the source of wages. The Land League undoubtedly owes a portion of its temporary triumph to the one-sided extravagance of its fundamental doctrine. The small farmers might not have been so strongly tempted by offers of moderate rents, or even of security of tenure, as by the promise of Mr. PARNELL and Mr. DAVITT that landlords should be abolished. They may be slow to learn that their project is impracticable; but in the meantime it is true that the rights of landlords have been suspended; and the labourers will profit by an experimental illustration of the consequences to the landless population which may result from the approximately equal division of property. The working of the Encumbered Estates Acts had already thrown light on the comparative advantages in such a country as Ireland of large and small estates. Purchasers for investment have been unable rather than unwilling to extend to their tenants the indulgent laxity

to which they have been accustomed under great proprietors. Even Mr. BRIGT's admirers allow that he was mistaken when he was tempted by his prejudices into the statement that the agrarian evils of Ireland are mainly to be attributed to the existence of large estates. The ten thousand landlords who are incessantly taunted by agitators and theorists with their numerical weakness may perhaps hereafter be regretted by the sub-lessees who may occupy land under middlemen created by fixity of tenure.

The Land Bill, whatever may be its provisions, will, in the first instance, be received by the agitators with real or simulated indignation; but the advocates of justice and of sound economic principles have more to fear from the extreme Liberals, including the less violent section of Home Rule members. If the Government had accepted the suggestion that the Land Bill should take precedence of the Protection Bill, the division of opinion would have been so profound and so inveterate that it might have been difficult to secure approximate unanimity in the legislation which is necessary for the restoration of order. The Parliamentary obstruction which was at last with difficulty checked, produced an opposite and beneficial effect. The spectacle of lawless turbulence in the House of Commons confirmed the belief that the same demagogues were engaged in the promotion of social anarchy. Proposals to modify the provisions of the Government Bill were received with little favour. The present Ministers cannot be suspected of excessive severity or vigour. It is but reasonable to assume that Mr. FORSTER has sufficient reasons for making the provisions of his Bill retrospective; and it is not desirable to provide for the impunity of malefactors who may happen not to have committed any known crime within the last few months. The proposal that a future judicial inquiry should determine the guilt or innocence of persons arrested under the Lord-Lieutenant's warrant is utterly inadmissible. The power of acting on well-founded belief in default of legal evidence is absolutely essential to the efficacy of a preventive measure. The lists of outrages which are published in a tabulated form in the Blue Books account for the universal prevalence of terror. If the fact were not otherwise, however, it might be taken for granted that the recipients of threatening letters and the victims of nocturnal outrages would not venture to give evidence in public against the offenders, though in some instances they might be willing to furnish the police with a clue. It is true that the Government will be, in some degree, dependent on secret information; but the accuracy of statements made by injured persons will be, as far as possible, strictly tested. The conspirators who intimidate the peaceable portion of the community must bear the consequences of the silence which they have imposed on the sufferers.

The arguments for the Bill and the declamation against it had been so largely anticipated during the discussion of the past month, that the debate on the second reading of the Bill was devoid of novelty. The amendment which purported to defeat the Bill was appropriately moved by Mr. BRADLAUGH, though some votes may perhaps have been lost to the opponents of the measure by their remarkable selection of a leader. Those who sympathize with the rural tyrants of Ireland are consistent in refusing to interfere with their evil practices; but it was more than once pointed out during the course of the debate that the only part of

the population of Ireland which will find its constitutional privileges curtailed consists of the ruffians and assassins who perpetrate agrarian crimes. The promoters of treasonable schemes, indeed, may form another class of possible prisoners, but Fenian agents are not entitled to favourable consideration. No respectable farmer, tradesman, or labourer will be incommoded by the suspension of the Habeas Corpus, except in consequence of unavoidable and infrequent mistakes. Sir ROWLAND BLENNERHASSETT and Mr. BLENNERHASSETT, though they belong to the Home Rule party, felt themselves bound to support the Bill. No Irish member explained so forcibly as Mr. TOTTENHAM the injustice of attributing to the Irish as a nation the atrocities which have followed on the organization of the Land League. Many nominal members of the body have been compelled to join its ranks because its decrees were habitually enforced, while the Government seemed for a time to have abdicated its functions. Even the appeal to the cupidity of tenants, on which the managers of the League mainly relied, would have been insufficient for its purpose, if it had not been backed by intimidation. There was no more flagrant fallacy in Mr. COWEN's burst of wild rhetoric than his comparison of the system known as "Boycotting" with the social exclusion to which a member of the last Parliament was by his own fault condemned. Those who avoided intercourse with a person who was no longer entitled to the character of a gentleman acted on their own discretion without any kind of compulsion. Mr. COWEN, who says that in his good nature he endeavoured to alleviate the condition of the unfortunate victim of universal censure, incurred no material or social penalty. The Land League, on the other hand, has through its agents threatened and punished those who declined to be accomplices in its work of persecution. While Irish members in the House of Commons affect to deny the complicity of the League with terror and violence, Mr. DILLON, addressing the members of the body who know their own acts and intentions, openly exhorts them to make war on the landlords, if in their capacity of justices they do their duty when the Protection Act is passed. When a more cautious confederate suggested that it might be well not to recommend criminal acts, Mr. DILLON replied that he could not protest against some proceedings which the magistrates might regard as violations of the law. Many assertions which have been made during the long and tedious debate bear the same relation to the facts which exists between Mr. SULLIVAN's narrative of the late Parliamentary proceedings and the history which is fresh in the recollection of all men. It is true that professed fiction is not to be confounded with sheer mendacity.

THE SPEAKER'S RULES.

THERE are only two classes of persons who can be conceived as likely to read the SPEAKER's new rules for the conduct of the business of the House of Commons with entire complacency. The first class consists of avowed enemies of Parliamentary government. The second consists of that much larger body of well-meaning, but somewhat shortsighted, people whose ideal of cookery is the method of HO-TI, who would gladly burn their house to roast their dinner, and who, provided the immediate object that they have at heart is attained, care little or nothing for the consequences. It is needless to say that no blame attaches to Mr. BRAND for the roughness of the gag which he has forged. He has been more or less deliberately commissioned to save Parliamentary society, and saviours of society must be allowed their platoons and their artillery, their Cayenne and their Lambessa. But any one who reads the rules and reflects a little on some of the occasions on which they might conceivably again come into operation may be allowed to indulge in a few wry faces. The first rule, extemporized a week ago, is open to little objection; and, generally speaking, the provisions having reference to the adjournment of the debate are necessary corollaries of the power summarily entrusted to the Speaker by the declaration of urgency. Perhaps the same may be said of the clearing away of all obstacles to going into Committee, to the consideration of Bills as amended, and the like. It is perfectly clear that in many cases the gag might act unfairly and prejudicially; but that matter must be supposed to have been contemplated in the admission of the state of urgency as such, and there is nothing left to do but to congratulate the House and

the public on the fact that the declaration of that state has, owing to Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE and his followers, been fenced and safeguarded by not a few precautions in the first instance.

There are, however, others of the rules which, if they follow with equal logic from the conversion of a Speaker into a Dictator, jar more harshly still on the reader, and exhibit still more fully the surrender of liberty which the House has made. Such is the provision that at any time, when it seems good to the Speaker to put the question, he may do so forthwith, provided he obtains a three to one majority in that sense. Here there is no proviso as to the number of the House which may be present, nor any necessity for notice, nor any power of deliberation or delay. Again, it is provided that, if not more than twenty persons challenge the decision of the Speaker, that the ayes or noes, as the case may be, have it, the ceremony of a formal division may be omitted altogether. This amounts to an admission in the cradest possible form of the omnipotence of numbers. It does not necessarily follow that a minority is not worth attending to because it is numerically small, especially as in a very possible case the majority in whose favour the decision was given might be no larger. So, too, the rules intended for the guidance of the House during Committee may be divided into two classes, one of which is only objectionable in so far as it is the natural result and concomitant of urgency, while the other exhibits the unpleasant features of that state in a somewhat newer and more vivid light. It has already been pointed out by more than one critic of the rules that the restriction imposed on repeated speech in Committee would tend in practice to stifle many valuable suggestions, and that it indeed strikes at the root of the importance and use of Committee as an institution. But, on the whole, it is probably useless to comment in detail on the unpleasant features of these regulations which cannot be altered, which have been by implication accepted, and which merely translate into precise terms the power committed to the Speaker, and indeed exercised by him before it had been so committed. No exercise of autocracy here detailed exceeds in arbitrariness the silencing of the malcontents on the morning of Wednesday week, and perhaps few exceed in arbitrariness the summary interruption of Mr. DILLON the next day. In one way the stringency of these rules, supposing them likely to be adopted as a precedent, may have a good effect in making the House all the more unwilling to declare urgency in the first instance. But the die is cast; the example set. For the time the House of Commons has ceased to be a place of free discussion, and the opportunities enjoyed by its members of endeavouring to delay what they think unjust, or of endeavouring to bring round their fellow-members to what they think to be just, have been grievously curtailed. The Irish members have been copious with tongue and pen on the subject of the treatment they have brought down on themselves. They do not, however, seem to have observed that, while they have done the worst for the cause they profess to have at heart, they have done the utmost for that which they strenuously repudiate. They have disabled themselves from further serious opposition to the Coercion Bill; but they have succeeded in lowering the privileges of the House of Commons and in injuring its prestige. To some of them this may possibly be a consolation. Impartial critics may be perhaps allowed to regret more and more that Dr. PLAYFAIR's irresolution, or his obedience to the programme of his chiefs, prevented the Opposition from defeating at once obstruction and the *clôture*.

There is one point of no small importance which has hitherto been but little noticed. There may be thought to be a reasonable fear lest the effect of the change should be to lower the character of successive Speakers. No one has any fear that, so long as Mr. BRAND holds the office, the vast powers which have been, and may again be, entrusted to him will not be exercised with judgment and with justice. In the first place, too, and so long as partisan Speakers are unknown, the possession by the Speaker, rather than by the momentary majority, of the power of the gag may be an advantage. But it is evident that this advantage would be turned into a disadvantage in the event of a Speaker being a partisan; and, what is more, it does not need a very great deal of consideration to show that the new system has a tendency to make the Speaker a partisan. Hitherto, though the idea of the Speaker being a special patron and protector of minorities

and of individuals, was rather a pretty theory than an actual fact, it had considerable foundation in reality; just as on the rare occasions of using his casting vote he was supposed to resist innovation, so he was generally supposed to lean towards the side of precedent and of established right and privilege. He had but little opportunity of doing one party or another a service or an injury; his decision, except on points of order, could be challenged by the most insignificant minority which could muster tellers; and he was powerless to shorten or stifle debate. The new arrangement has changed all this. Though the limitations introduced by the leader of the Opposition have interposed difficulties in the way of the Speaker entering on his dictatorship, when he has once entered upon it there is hardly anything to control him, and the assistance which he can lend to the side which he favours is simply enormous. It has become, therefore, a point of vast importance to secure a probably favourable Speaker, and the election, instead of being, as it has for years been, half a matter of form, may be expected to be more and more keenly contested on purely party grounds. It is difficult to believe that this can present itself to any one as a desirable thing, or one to be contemplated without some dismay. Taken in conjunction with the most remarkable feature of the new and enlarged constituencies, their tendency to run *en masse* to alternate extremes, it is specially disquieting. In Parliaments composed of narrowly matched parties, a Speaker is pretty sure to be impartial, and his partiality would not do much harm. In Parliaments composed of a large majority and a comparatively small minority, the impartiality of the Speaker and the absence of any temptation inducing the majority to make sure of his assistance are things of vital importance. It may be repeated that, if the Parnellite party are as anxious to do mischief as they are sometimes represented to be, they certainly have attained their wish.

SOUTH AFRICA.

THERE may probably be some foundation for the rumour that Irish malcontents have aided in instigating the revolt in the Transvaal; but it is immaterial whether they have promoted an insurrection to which they could render no effective support. The contribution of Irish conspirators to an untoward occurrence must be confined to example, which was scarcely needed, and to the diversion of force caused by the necessity of preventing rebellion in Ireland. Common enmity naturally tends to alliance; but in proceedings which may be thought to resemble the operations of the Land League the Boers are not necessarily plagiarists, for similar causes produce in South Africa as in Ireland their natural results. A considerable part of the population of the Transvaal, including a minority of the Dutch farmers, is either well affected to the English Government, or opposed to the policy of armed resistance. The insurgents consequently practise the same methods by which the Land League promotes ostensible unanimity. The dissentients are threatened with death or expulsion if they decline to join the armed Boers. Some of the English settlers are tenants of the Dutch proprietors, occupying portions of their large estates. The condition of society so far differs from that of Ireland, that physical force, and the opportunity of applying it to purposes of coercion, are in the Transvaal on the side of the landowners. When the revolt began, parties of armed Boers visited the settlers whose disposition was either doubtful or adverse to their cause, and informed them that three parties, or loyalists, rebels, and neutrals, would no longer be tolerated in the country. They must accordingly either go to Pretoria, at that time the head-quarters of the English authorities, or attend the meetings at which the rebellion was organized. The inhabitants of English blood are not believed in any instance to have taken part in the insurrection; but the friendly and neutral Boers may probably have thought it prudent to join their countrymen. If the battle at Laing's Nek had resulted in a defeat of the insurgents, the dissensions in their ranks would probably have resulted in the secession of their unwilling confederates. One of the many evil consequences of defeat is the more thorough intimidation which the insurgents will be enabled to exercise. In one of his despatches Sir G. COLLEY tells the SECRETARY OF STATE that the loyal inhabitants are in so many ways

dependent on the Boers that they cannot be expected to oppose them. If the opportunity occurred, the English inhabitants would gladly seek protection against the harsh treatment to which they will probably be exposed.

Although the revolt would in any case not have been long postponed, there is some reason to believe that it was precipitated by casual and unfortunate occurrences. The first occasion of dispute was the refusal of some of the inhabitants, including members of the provisional Legislature, to pay taxes which were due. It was not until process was issued that armed resistance was offered; and in one case, at least, the officers of the Government appear to have made a mistake. A Boer, of whom 27*l.* was demanded, offered 14*l.*, which, as he contended, was the amount of his debt. A waggon belonging to him was taken in execution for the larger sum; and, when it appeared that his original tender had been correct, a dispute was raised about costs. The waggon was forcibly retained or recovered; and the first defiance of the law soon afterwards merged in systematic resistance. Sir OWEN LANTON argues at great length that the disinclination to pay taxes had been not less conspicuous under the Republic. It is certain that Mr. BURGERS repeatedly remonstrated with his constituents and countrymen on their refusal to supply him with the means of discharging his duties as Governor. The inference appears to be that great allowance ought to have been made for unwilling subjects who had not been accustomed to pay obedience even to their own indigenous Government. As a general rule, it is the duty of official persons to enforce the law without regard to persons; but, immediately after so revolutionary an act as annexation, it would have been desirable to incline as far as possible to indulgence. Higher personages than the Administration of the Transvaal appear in the published correspondence to be deficient in the power of adapting themselves to circumstances. In the course of last November the German Ambassador requested Lord GRANVILLE to take measures for the protection of some German traders and missionaries, whose lives or properties were liable to be endangered by a war which had broken out between some natives in the neighbourhood of the Cape Colony. The Colonial Government had, in fact, no jurisdiction over the territory, and had determined not to interfere in the quarrel between the Damaras and Namaques. The inability to interfere was bluntly stated as a conclusive reason for not complying with the request of the German Government. It would have been more judicious, especially in regard of possible complications, to undertake that English influence should be used as far as possible for the protection of German residents. In a much more important matter, tact and courtesy might perhaps have postponed the collision in the Transvaal. Mr. KRUGER, who always professed a desire for a peaceable settlement, alleged that hostilities were forced upon his party by the rigid enforcement of the law.

The latest accounts from the seat of war are in no respect encouraging. The rainy weather which renders the roads almost impassable will soon pass away; but it is unsatisfactory to learn that the Boers had interrupted the communication between Durban and Newcastle, and also between Newcastle and the English camp. In the northern districts of Natal the Dutch settlers are numerous; and it is probable that some of them may have given information and assistance to the enemy. The account of the second action which has been fought is not a little alarming. Finding his communications with Newcastle interrupted, Sir G. COLLEY marched on the 8th of February southward to protect an expected convoy, leaving only an insignificant garrison of three hundred men to defend his camp. Being attacked on his march by a force of Boers, evidently much superior in number, he succeeded in holding a position which he had occupied; and in one account it is stated that he repelled the enemy with great slaughter. It is more certain that he was unable to penetrate to Newcastle, or to reach the convoy, and that he lost out of his little army one hundred and fifty men killed and wounded. The action has been absurdly described as a victory; and it is certain that two or three such victories would leave Natal open without defence to invasion. No explanation has yet been given of the rash attempt to force the pass at Laing's Nek. The garrisons in the interior of the Transvaal seem not to have been in urgent need of relief, as they are still holding out. The report that Lydenburg, with a portion of the unfortunate 94th Regiment, had been taken has been since contra-

dicted. It may be hoped that reinforcements have by this time arrived at the front; but the difficulty of the enterprise is rapidly increasing. It is said that the alternative road into the Transvaal through the territory of the Free State is fortified; and it is suspected that a part of the force with which Sir G. COLLEY was engaged on the 8th of February consisted of volunteers from the other side of the border. The approaching Session of the Volksraad in the Free State causes reasonable anxiety. Mr. BRAND, the President, has hitherto maintained neutrality, and there is no reason to doubt either his integrity or his friendly feeling to the English Government; but it is well known that many of his countrymen sympathize with the insurgents; and it is feared that, if they command a majority in the Legislature, they may force the Republic to join in the war. It was perhaps prudent to overlook as long as possible the irregularity which has apparently been committed of allowing the Boer troops which have lately been operating in Natal to pass through territory belonging to the Free State, though a similar permission accorded to the English troops might have obviated the disaster at Laing's Nek by supplying an easier mode of access to the Transvaal. The Government of the Free State is probably powerless to restrain the movements of the Boers, or to prevent the complicity of its own subjects. Too urgent a remonstrance would be likely to strengthen the party which is unfriendly to the English Government; but it may not long be practicable to affect ignorance of hostile acts. It is asserted that the insurgents have made overtures of alliance to some of the native chiefs; but, according to the same accounts, they are all loyal to the Government which, as they well know, is their most trustworthy protector. If the war continues, the border tribes will almost certainly profit by the absence of the Boers in the field to commit depredations on their cattle. It would not be difficult to enlist their services in the struggle, but the civil and military authorities rightly refuse to employ savages against Europeans. The Zulus, who formerly threatened the Transvaal, are now peaceably disposed under their numerous chiefs, and some of them are beginning to take service as labourers in Natal. If they should again be organized as a military Power, the Boers may have reason to regret that they have alienated the goodwill of the English Government. Much anxiety is felt as to the disposition of the Dutch colonists at the Cape; but only agitators and alarmists predict a general conflict between the two races for the sovereignty of South Africa. Although the Dutch, including settlers of French and German descent, form a majority of the population, political preponderance seems to be on the side of the more active English population. The present Ministry, which still retains a Parliamentary majority, represents the English rather than the Dutch element; and the war against the Basutos which now approaches a successful termination is mainly conducted by English levies. The burgher force which lately took the opportunity of retiring from the army in the middle of a battle will not have acquired a claim to colonial gratitude or confidence. There is reason to suppose that the Ministers and the Parliamentary majority at the Cape have little sympathy with the Transvaal insurgents.

RUSSIA AND CANDAHAR.

THE Duke of ARGYLL is not a person whose expressions command universal assent, but few people are likely to quarrel with his statement of the effect likely to be produced by the publication of the documents discovered at Cabul. Perhaps the persons who have been most disquieted are those who had been confidently asserting that there was absolutely no cause for disquiet. The eggs of the Cabul mare's-nest have proved to be very authentic eggs, full of most curious meat. We were told before the exhibition of these documents to be careful about their dates, which would of themselves remove all anxiety; and we were told that Lord BEACONSFIELD had completely whitewashed Russia by some remarks in December, 1878. The chances of anticipatory comment in political matters are indeed sad. On the assumption of the accuracy of the documents as published, dates establish all, and more than all, the contentions of the party adverse to Russia, and they further show that, when Lord BEACONSFIELD spoke, he was in ignorance of the details of the transaction here disclosed. The Russian intrigue revealed in these docu-

ments was not, as has sometimes been claimed for it, an answer to the Mediterranean expedition from India. It was an answer to the Berlin Treaty. It was begun after the secret agreement between Lord SALISBURY and the Russian Envoy; that is to say, after peace was virtually assured. It was continued long after the definitive treaty was signed, and after official intimation of that signing had reached the Russian actors in the transaction. Nor was it confined to half-irresponsible satraps, doing what was right in their own eyes. Some of the letters were sent to Livadia, the palace of the Czar himself, who is represented as receiving them personally. We have no intention of indulging in any indignant comment upon this curious correspondence, which can only surprise novices in history and politics. But two things may certainly be said of it. The first is that, if any one after reading it fails to see that the unhappy war with Afghanistan was unavoidable, his courage and consistency as a party politician are worthy of all praise, which must, however, be paid him at the expense of his capacity for judging evidence. If any one after the perusal has the slightest faith in future understandings on the subject of Afghanistan, his generosity in the same way deserves credit at the expense of his discretion. It would be interesting to hear an authoritative explanation of the reasons which prevented the late Government from publishing these documents. Such abstinence out of mere chivalry would have been quixotic; it may have been statesmanlike if the object was to avoid reopening the just healed sore.

It is impossible that any practical person in reading these documents should not look to the future rather than to the past. Mere partisans may be delighted, and very excusably delighted, at the complete vindication of the Afghan war of which these letters are the *pièces justificatives*, or may sorrow and wonder over their suppression by the late Government before the general election. Such feelings are natural, but not wise. The justification of the past is a matter for historians rather than politicians, and he who thinks that the English nation in one of its periodic fits of political intoxication would pause and become sober if one spoke to it from the dead must have little experience and a superabundance of hope. But it is sufficiently obvious that the present affairs of that province of Turkestan which skirts the northern frontier of our troublesome neighbour are again being made the subject of understandings, tacit or overt, between Russia and Great Britain. With the reticence which is the chief characteristic, and apparently the main political weapon of the present Ministry, Lord HARTINGTON and Sir CHARLES DILKE, each in his capacity and manner, have hitherto avoided giving any explanation of the subject. The cavalry of General SKOBELEFF are daily approaching nearer, not merely to Merv, but to Herat. For a remarkable method of relieving English panic about the shadowy city on the Murghab has just been resorted to by some defenders of Russia. The English, they say, think that Merv is the key of India, but this is quite a mistake, for there is a much better way to Herat direct from Askabad. In other words, we need not trouble ourselves about the key, for the lock is picked already. The value and substantial accuracy of this encouraging argument are matters with which we do not propose to deal. But such arguments do not make one regard with any more complacency Lord HARTINGTON's stolid refusals to give the slightest account of the reasons which have led the Government to order the evacuation of Candahar, or Sir CHARLES DILKE's polite information that the Russians have given no undertaking not to proceed to Merv, but that the Government have reason to believe that they will not proceed there. Meanwhile, while the Government "have reason to believe," General SKOBELEFF marches, the Turkomans submit or retreat, and the invisible world of Russian diplomacy is displayed agreeably in General STOLITSEFF's recommendation to the unhappy SHERE ALI to "make peace openly and in secret prepare for war," and in General KAUFMANN's information to the same luckless prince that "the EMPEROR has caused the British Government to agree to the continuance of Afghan independence." This last sentence has a curious bearing on the affairs of the moment. How many Indian princes will believe that Russia has "caused Lord HARTINGTON to retire from Candahar"?

We are not of those who have taken up a dogmatic and irreconcilable attitude about the occupation of the

Southern capital. That question is a very complicated one; it depends on military, financial, and political considerations almost equally, and the experts who can speak with equal authority on all three are, to say the least, not numerous. The singular and stolid reticence which, as we have already observed, has characterized the attitude of the Government on the matter, their avowed neglect of the contrary opinions of the greatest military authorities without cause assigned, are the chief things which turn the balance against them. We are not ignorant that authorities of hardly less weight, though, we believe, fewer in number, approve the Government course. They say that Candahar is not a good place to occupy, supposing that some post of vantage is necessary; that it would be a perpetual provocation to the Afghans; that it would be a perpetual challenge to Russia. There is force in these remarks—much more force than in the financial argument which has of late found favour with the partisans of the Government. But it must be pointed out that time has been unkind to these opponents of the Candahar occupation. We believe we are justified in saying that their opinions were for the most part formed and enunciated before the events of the latter part of last summer; it is needless to say that they must necessarily have been formed before the capture of Geok Tepe. These two events cannot be left out of the calculation. It is idle to say that Geok Tepe was sure to fall some time or other. Perhaps at the present moment we may not inappropriately remark that, if England had been Russia, and if we had acted as Russia acted two years ago, it never probably would have fallen at all. But it has fallen, and the Russian scouts are far on the road to Herat. Again, it is idle to say that AYUB's march was nothing wonderful, and that it was repulsed. It is a fact; it showed Afghanistan and India how easily the outworks of the latter country might be reached from the North; how an invader might anticipate our calculations and blind our organs of information; and, lastly, how such an invader might, under very unfavourable circumstances, be checked by the walls of Candahar. We do not say that, if it were possible to revert to the conditions of two or three years ago, when Afghanistan had not been first debauched by Russia, and then thrown into anarchy, or when the troops of the Transcaspian army lay defeated and demoralized in the cantonments of Tchikislar, or when a march from Herat to Candahar was still regarded as itself something arduous and unlikely, that the occupation would have been a wise thing or a desirable thing. We do not say positively that it is desirable now, because there may be alternatives; though we confess that as yet we have seen no alternative which seems on the whole preferable. But what we do say is, that the events of the last twelvemonth, following on those of the twelvemonth preceding, have altogether changed the situation; and that neither the Government nor any defender of the Government has yet vouchsafed to recognize the change. Most of the arguments against the retention of Candahar—and some of them, as we have admitted, are weighty—deal with the question as if it were still in the air, as if Russia were not on all but the last stage to Herat, as if agreements were likely to keep her back, as if Indian opinion as to the withdrawal from a country where so much Indian blood and treasure had been spent could be safely neglected. When we find these points seriously dealt with, and the opinion of Lord NAPIER and of General ROBERTS and of others fairly weighed, the question may be re-opened. Perhaps the promised debate in the Lords may see for the first time some evidence of consciousness on the part of the Duke of ARGYLL and his colleague that a reiterated panegyric of the wise, statesman-like, and far-seeing policy of 1873 is scarcely a sufficient vindication of the policy of 1881. Hitherto the opponents of the retention of Candahar seem to us for the most part to be dealing with ancient history.

DIVORCE IN FRANCE.

THE question of divorce seems to be an exception to the general unanimity of the Republican party in France. After all, M. SARDOU is not so far behind his generation as has been supposed. A dramatist may be forgiven if he declines to rush in where M. BRISSON fears to tread. That the Moderate Left should be opposed to divorce is natural enough, nor is it necessary, in order to

account for it, to suspect them of any lurking kindness for Catholicism. Even an advanced Atheist is not forbidden to take actual facts into consideration, and among the actual facts that bear upon this question an important place must be given to ecclesiastical statistics. France is still for many purposes a Catholic country, and divorce in a Catholic country is a very different thing from divorce in a Protestant country. There is considerable practical inconvenience in a marriage law which brings the provisions of the Civil Code into direct conflict with the religious convictions of the majority of the population. The introduction of divorce into France would undoubtedly have this result. The Roman Catholic Church holds marriage to be absolutely indissoluble; the husband or wife who intermarries with a third person during the lifetime of the other to be living in adultery, and the offspring of the second marriage to be illegitimate. It is easy to see what an occasion for strife would thus be given in every community sufficiently small to make the doings of individuals a matter of public concern. When a man or woman obtained a divorce and married again, one-half at least of their neighbours would refuse to hold any further intercourse with them. Such a state of things as this would not tend to the promotion of peace and goodwill among the inhabitants, nor would it reflect any credit on the Republican Government that they had been instrumental in getting divorce made legal. The case of a Protestant country affords no real parallel to this. In England, for example, though the Divorce Act was strenuously resisted, it was not unpopular with the great body of the nation. The clergy of the Established Church were divided on the question, and the mass of the laity were more or less in favour of the change. More than this, the idea of divorce had been made familiar by a long succession of private Acts of Parliament, and the change was very commonly regarded as nothing more than the simplification and cheapening of a recognized procedure. If the religious difficulty had been likely to be at all generally felt, it is probable that no English politician of any weight would have proposed to make divorce legal. In France the religious difficulty would be very generally felt. Every Roman Catholic must be opposed to the recognition of divorce, and a majority of the French people are still Roman Catholics. The recognition of this fact as exercising a decisive influence on the reception to be given to a Divorce Bill implies no opinion on the merits of the question. A man may have the firmest conviction that facility of divorce promotes the happiness of mankind, and yet shrink from introducing it into a country in which this facility is commonly called by another and harsher name.

The fact that the Advanced Left, equally with the Moderate Left, is of two minds upon this subject seems to need further explanation. Among this section of Frenchmen such commonplace and business-like considerations as those which have been mentioned do not usually meet with much attention. That a particular measure will irritate Catholic feeling is held, for the most part, to be no obstacle to its adoption. The *Times*' Correspondent suggests one reason why some members of the Advanced Left should hesitate before voting for the Divorce Bill, and M. BRISSON suggests another. The *Times*' Correspondent finds the explanation in the unpopularity in which their support of such a Bill would be likely to involve them. Divorce, he says, is immensely disliked by women, because, "however fenced round with precautions, it will always seem to them a DAMOCLES' sword." Upon a question of this kind women in France have still considerable influence. The electors like to be on good terms with their wives, and one easy way of remaining on good terms with them is to oppose measures which the wife dislikes while the husband has no special motive for liking them. There is separation enough on religious grounds between the French peasantry and their wives already, and for the husbands to widen the division still further by becoming partisans of divorce would be to court home discomfort for no adequate motive. The peasantry are not at all anxious to avail themselves of the liberty which M. NAQUET and M. LÉON RENAULT want to give them. Their advocacy of divorce would be purely speculative, and as such it is not likely to be maintained when it brings family discord with it. If this is the view taken by the peasantry, it will in many cases influence their votes. At all events, as between one Republican candidate and another, they will support the one who is hostile

to divorce rather than the one who is friendly to it. Consequently it behoves even the Extreme Left to be cautious how they commit themselves upon the question. Some of them may be certain of their constituents' support whatever line they take in the Chamber, and others may have ascertained that their constituents approve M. NAQUET'S Bill. But others again may feel a reasonable doubt which way their constituents will go, and in that case it will naturally occur to them that the satisfaction of passing a measure which will be very annoying to Catholics may be bought too dearly.

M. BRISSON'S objection to the Bill is of a more statesmanlike order, though here also considerations connected with party prospects are probably not far off. He rests his opposition in part on the difficulty of founding permanent political and social institutions in a country where a large portion of the population no longer recognizes the sanctions of religion, and the consequent importance of not abandoning any of those purely legal sanctions which to some extent fill the place which was once filled by religion. On this theory divorce is dangerous in France, not because the population is still largely Catholic, but because it has largely ceased to be Catholic. Even if it were largely Protestant, M. BRISSON would have no objection to allow divorce, because in that case the religious sentiment, though not altogether opposed to divorce, would be opposed to its undue extension. M. BRISSON is evidently afraid lest, when liberty of divorce has once been conceded, it should shortly be carried to extremes. Men and women to whom divorce is not forbidden, either by religion or law, will naturally be led to ask why it should be subjected to any restraints whatever. If marriage is nothing more than a contract, why should it not be dissoluble at the pleasure of the parties? M. NAQUET'S Bill proposed to make marriage dissoluble by consent, but it surrounded this permission with several conditions, avowedly designed to make the use of it irksome and consequently rare. But when once the permission had been given, it would be a very proper matter of inquiry why the use of it should be thus hampered. When a similar question has been asked at other times and in other countries, no good answer has been found to it. Divorce has been made easier and easier, the notion of any special sanctity attaching to the marriage contract has disappeared, and the relationship has tended to become less and less distinguishable from that of concubinage. M. BRISSON probably thinks that the growth of such a state of things as this in France would not tend to the happiness of the nation. But he may also think, and think with very good reason, that it would not tend to the permanence of Republican institutions. Forms of government are sometimes unfairly credited with the evils that have grown under their shelter. In the nature of things there is no special reason why lax views of marriage should not be just as prevalent under a monarchy as they are under a republic; but if they are re-introduced into Western Europe at the instance of a Republican Government, it is Republican institutions that will have to bear the blame. Social license is, after all, the luxury of a few, and when it is once traced rightly or wrongly to a particular form of government, the day in which that form will be upset is probably not far distant. From this point of view M. BRISSON'S opposition to divorce is perfectly consistent. He has no wish to give any occasion to the enemies of the Republic to blaspheme, particularly when their blasphemy might take the practical and unpleasant shape of a successful counter-revolution.

The extent to which the Chamber of Deputies halts between two opinions is shown by the divisions taken on successive days. On Monday it decided by 254 votes to 211 to go into Committee upon M. NAQUET'S Bill. On Tuesday it rejected by 247 to 216 the clause repealing the law at present in force. The majority on this latter day included 109 Republicans. The question now stands over for the Session, which in this case means that it will have to be dealt with by the next Chamber. This will now be the fate of every proposal as to the popularity of which the least doubt is felt. The Deputies are keenly alive to the peculiarity of the conditions under which they were elected, and, to the consequent uncertainty how far they represent the views of their constituents upon questions which were not in issue in 1877.

TUNIS.

TUNIS has recently been the scene of events which it was feared might lead to some conflict of interests or authority between England and France. KHEREDINE PASHA, who left Tunis to figure for a time as Grand Vizier at Constantinople, was the owner of estates at a place named Enfida, about fifty miles south of the city of Tunis. These estates had been given him by the Bey, and before he left he parted with them to a French Company established at Tunis, and known as the Société Marseillaise. The right of the new purchasers to take possession was, however, contested by an English subject of the name of LEVY, who also had estates at Enfida, and whose estates were contiguous to those of KHEREDINE PASHA. By the Mahometan law the owner of adjacent property has a right of pre-emption, and it was this right which Mr. LEVY claimed to exercise. The French Society had, however, as it is alleged, adopted a precaution by which the right of pre-emption was rendered nugatory. A tiny strip of land on the border of Mr. LEVY'S estate had been excepted from the transfer, so that Mr. LEVY'S land did not actually touch the land transferred. Whether, under Mahometan law, this device would effectually bar the right of pre-emption is a question which cannot be answered except by Mahometan lawyers. But, if it were held to bar the right, there would be nothing to surprise those who have had any practical acquaintance with the working of Mahometan land laws. These laws are seen to introduce in many directions rights which it is found very difficult to adjust practically; and the ingenuity of Mahometan lawyers has been devoted to the discovery of devices by which the law, which is too sacred to alter, has been made inoperative. Theoretically, there is no reason why there should be a right of pre-emption; but, if there is such a right, there is no reason why a device for barring the right should not hold good, although it belongs to as infantine a conception of law as the right itself. Mr. LEVY, however, was advised that his proper course was to take possession of the land after a tender of the purchase-money, so that he might occupy the advantageous position of defendant, and only be turned out if the device of excepting the strip of land was held to be good. The French Company was equally alive to the advantages of possession, and equally resolved to be the first to assert its rights. But Mr. LEVY got the start, and when the agents of the French Company arrived on the spot, they found that the cattle and servants of Mr. LEVY were already established on the estate of KHEREDINE. The local authorities would not interfere to turn out the representatives of Mr. LEVY, and therefore the French Company called to its aid a band of Algerian Arabs whom it keeps in its pay, and finally took possession. Mr. LEVY appealed to the French Consul, and was informed that the estate was now French property, and that he should uphold the rights of French citizens. Mr. LEVY then determined to appeal to his own Government, and left for England, to lay his grievances before Lord GRANVILLE.

This is the outline of the story; but the French Company insists that there was more behind. They say that the present PRIME MINISTER of the Bey, and one or two of his associates, were at the bottom of all the opposition to them. They had hoped that the Bey would confiscate, according to the usual custom of the country, the estates of a fallen Minister, and give them to his new favourites. When they found that simple confiscation had been rendered impossible by the transfer to Frenchmen, they made use of Mr. LEVY and his rights of pre-emption. Every impediment was, it is said, put in the way of the Company. The Government officials took the transfer dues tendered by Mr. LEVY at once, but were not equally prompt in accepting those tendered by the Company. Mr. LEVY and his legal advisers got the start of his opponents because the gates of Tunis, which were open to him, were shut to them. When the agents of the Company arrived at the estate, they found that the cattle placed there to signify the possession of Mr. LEVY were really the cattle of the PRIME MINISTER and his friends, and the local authorities failed to act simply because they were afraid to thwart persons so highly placed. The Bey has lately shown signs of a disposition to emancipate himself from French control; or, as the French would say, to slip out of his position as a petty chief protected by France, which he is well aware is the position he ought

properly to hold. He has shown himself far too friendly to Italy and the Italians, and has seemed prepared to play off his new friends against his old. The French Consul saw in the opposition to the Marseilles Company a new and dangerous sign of this tendency. It was really, as he chose to consider it, not a question between a French Company and an individual who happened to be an Englishman, but a question between France and the present advisers of the BEY. He had to deal with what he pictured to himself as a sort of rebellion, and he was lifted to a height above all ordinary legal rules. He sanctioned by his presence the employment of a band of foreigners—for in Tunis Algerian Arabs are merely foreigners—to take by force what the local authorities would not give, and he calmly informed an English subject who thought himself aggrieved that he, the French Consul, had settled everything, that the estate was now French property, and was therefore placed altogether beyond the jurisdiction of the local authorities.

This adventurous Consul was technically so entirely in the wrong that it was impossible his Government should uphold him when what had taken place was calmly discussed at London and Paris. Whether, if Mr. LEVY had been an Italian, there would have been much calmness in the discussion of his case at Paris may be doubted; but France has not the slightest wish to quarrel with England, and would never think of quarrelling on a point where reason was so manifestly against her. The French, however, were as much excited about the wrongs of the French Company, and the audacious resistance of the BEY to the French protectorate, as in their present mood they can be about anything that may take place outside the boundaries of France. To fall in with the popular humour, the French Government ordered two men-of-war to leave Toulon, and go to Tunis. On hearing this Lord GRANVILLE very properly ordered two English men-of-war to go to Tunis as a counter-demonstration. The legal rights of English subjects in foreign countries cannot be suffered to be at the discretion of French captains. But a very slight interchange of ideas sufficed to bring about a complete understanding. The French vessels were recalled to Toulon; the English vessels were told that they need not call at Tunis; and the two Governments agreed that a point of local law must be left to the local tribunals. The French Government had really no choice. It could not adopt as its own the line taken by its Consul. When French private persons and English private persons residing in a Mohametan country quarrel as to a point of Mohametan law their claims must be left to the judgment of the tribunals of the country to which they have chosen to go. The French Protectorate of Tunis is really a pleasant fiction. It is something that does not exist, but which the French wish should exist. It has never been brought to the notice of any European Power as existing; and Lord GRANVILLE had nothing to do with it. But, even if it did exist, the French would not be entitled to say that a question of local law should not be referred to the local tribunals while they remain the only tribunals that can take cognizance of such matters. The French Government could not take up a position which was demonstrably wrong, and this time it had to deal with England. But it is obvious that the French will soon find some better pretext for asserting what they conceive to be the rights of the protectorate they desire to set up, and that they will take care that their foreign opponents are not Englishmen, but Italians. Every month the relations of France and Italy in Tunis become more strained, and it is at the expense and to the humiliation of Italy that a French protectorate will be established if it is established. The commerce of Tunis is much more with Italy than with France, and, if the territory of Tunis borders on Algeria, the city of Tunis faces the neighbouring shores of Sicily. A joint protectorate like that of France and England in Egypt is out of the question, as France, which is ready enough to be on an equality with England, would never consent to be on an equality with Italy. That France at the first opportunity will assume a protectorate over Tunis is as certain as anything can be in foreign politics, and the English Ministry which may happen to be unfortunate enough to have to decide between acquiescing in the self-assertion of France and the defence of the legitimate claims of Italy will have a painful and difficult task.

THE GREEK DIFFICULTY.

TWO or three days ago Mr. COUMOUNDOUROS assured the Greek Chamber that the army, including the reserve, consisted of 74,000 men ready for war, and that the Government would not accept any compromise restricting the rights acknowledged by the Treaty of Berlin. If these statements at Athens are to be accepted as literally true, the contemporaneous negotiations at Constantinople are destined to be abortive. The only possible ambiguity is in the reference to the Treaty which contemplated a cession of Turkish territory, and not to the Conference which two years later defined the exact frontier; but the Greek Government has always contended that the protocol appended to the Treaty was as liberal in its recognition of Greek claims as the report of the Conference. Some additional risk of war may arise from the present condition of Thessaly, where Greek brigands, who are perhaps indistinguishable from patriotic volunteers, have of late sometimes come into collision with Turkish detachments. It also appears that the Turkish authorities, anticipating their own early retirement from the province, are extorting taxes not yet due, and otherwise oppressing the population. Such statements are not without internal probability; and, on the other hand, they are not to be implicitly believed as long as they rest on Greek testimony. It is probable that the war party is promoting agitation in Thessaly for the purpose of producing collisions between the hostile parties. The condition of the inhabitants is probably in the meantime highly uncomfortable; but there is no doubt that most of them earnestly desire incorporation with the Greek kingdom. The local feeling in parts of Epirus is more doubtful, for the resistance of the Albanians to the Turkish Government has probably no relation to the claims of Greece. The tribes desire total or qualified independence; and, even if they were subdued or temporarily conciliated, they would be troublesome subjects to Greece. Their loyalty to the SULTAN might at any time be revived by the concession of their demands.

If the Turkish Government has, as the Ministers assert, 100,000 men in Thessaly and Epirus, it may set invasion at defiance. More trustworthy informants estimate the force at a third of the number; and even 35,000 men, occupying the strong places and acting on the defensive, would be a match for 60,000 inexperienced troops. In the correspondence which has lately been published by the French Government, the Turkish Ministers more than once announced that they would make no use of their superiority at sea; but that, having repelled the Greek attack, the Turkish army would march straight on Athens. OSMAN PASHA has acquired his reputation exclusively on the defence of a strong position; but he might be more willing to conduct an offensive campaign against Greek enemies than against Russian regular troops. In other communications the Turkish Ministers professed to entertain no doubt that the Albanians would, even without assistance, be able to defend their country against any force of which Greece could dispose. Little attention is to be paid to either of the two parties while, like Homeric heroes on the eve of a combat, they exchange menaces and boasts. In a single-handed war the Turks seem to have the better chance of success, at least as long as they defend themselves against invasion; but it is not certain that, if war breaks out, the Greeks may not find allies in the neighbouring States and provinces. There is some ground for the warning that it may not ultimately be for the interest of Greece to increase the power of Slavonic rivals at the expense of Turkey; but the immediate aggrandizement of the kingdom by adding to its territory an area equal to half of its present extent might be thought to overbalance many political inconveniences and dangers. Even if the aggrandizement of Servia and Bulgaria were injurious to Greece, it would be ruinous to Turkey.

The Ambassadors who are conducting the negotiation at Constantinople cannot attach implicit belief to the warlike declarations of the Greek Government. According to the latest rumours, they have now some hope of succeeding, although the Porte has not yet been induced to state the utmost limit of its voluntary concessions. It is arranged that, if a settlement is found possible, all the Ambassadors shall address identical reports to their respective Governments. The harmony which renders the opening of the negotiation possible appears not yet to amount to unanimity. It is not yet known whether Mr. GOSCHEN in his interviews with Prince BISMARCK and Baron HAYMERLE

arrived at a distinct understanding as to the policy of the three Governments. It was remarked that he made no stay at Paris, probably because the French Ministry has deliberately refused to aid in enforcing the Greek claims. Rome would have been far out of his way, and in all recent negotiations England and Italy have acted together. Prince BISMARCK perhaps referred to Greece in a late public declaration that there was no danger of any war in which Germany would be engaged. Austria and Germany are still so closely united that Mr. GOSCHEN had little to learn at Vienna in addition to the information which he may have acquired at Berlin. It would seem that the close understanding which existed between France and Germany has lately been relaxed, probably in anticipation of M. GAMBETTA's approaching accession to office. England, at the same time, has become less able than formerly to co-operate with France, because Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord GRANVILLE retain the Greek sympathies which are renounced by M. BARTHÉLEMY ST.-HILAIRE. It is a secret whether Austria and Germany are disposed in any degree to assume the championship which is repudiated by France. It is supposed that the English Government must have withdrawn the opinion that the Powers ought to insist on the execution of the decree of the Berlin Conference. As it is known that Turkey will not submit to the terms, except under compulsion, the negotiation at Constantinople must be directed to some other object.

Though the concert of Europe is still nominally maintained, the Turks fully understand that, while some of the Powers object to coercion, the remaining Governments will not act alone. It is practically understood that the decision of the Berlin Conference will be so far modified that Janina is to remain under Turkish sovereignty; on the other hand, the possession of Larissa is thought indispensable to the occupation of Thessaly by Greece, and the main diplomatic contest is likely to turn on Metzovo. There can be no doubt that it would be better for Greece to obtain Thessaly and the rest of Epirus without risk or expense than to fight for the acquisition of two places, however important. The hesitation of the English Government in assenting to a modification of the frontier as defined by the Conference has probably been founded on the belief that any change would invalidate the title, such as it is, on which Greece relies. There is no doubt that all the Powers understood the last Berlin settlement to be final, although France has since explained that the decision was inoperative, and although some at least of the other Powers are not prepared to enforce it. As long as the English Government could hold its allies to their own admission, it was perhaps judicious to insist on full compliance with the terms of the award. It may be added that, in advocating the claims of Greece, England was consulting the best interests of the population of the disputed territory; and that even Turkey would suffer no injury, except perhaps in the doubtful case of Janina. The concert of Europe which was to effect these legitimate objects was also in itself desirable. It is now time to recognize the impracticability of entire success.

If it should happily be found possible to settle the Greek question without war, the English Government will do well to suspend for a time its activity in the East. Montenegro has been aggrandized in accordance with the provisions of the Berlin Treaty, and mainly by the efforts of England. Any advantage which Greece may obtain will be largely due to the same agency. M. DE FREYCINET a few months ago expressed his confidence that the beneficent activity of England would next extend to the remedy of maladministration in Armenia. It is highly expedient that Asiatic as well as European provinces should be relieved from oppression; but it is not so clear why the whole burden of redressing abuses should devolve upon England. Mr. GLADSTONE some years ago imposed upon himself another *trinoda necessitas*, not of diplomacy or of war, but of domestic legislation. He accomplished two of the objects which he had proposed to himself, but the third branch of the upas-tree proved to be too hard for amputation. In the same manner, he may perhaps find Armenia more difficult to deal with than Montenegro or Greece; and it is evident that in the regeneration of Asia he can obtain no support from the European concert. It is not at present necessary to dwell on the objections to exclusive co-operation with Russia. It was never a part of the policy of the present Government to enforce the execution of the Treaty of Berlin on any other State but

Turkey. The influence of England is consequently at its lowest point at Constantinople; and there is little probability that the SULTAN or his Ministers will listen to benevolent advice. If the pending negotiation fails, and if war consequently breaks out, it will be impossible to attempt for the present any other diplomatic operation at Constantinople. If, on the other hand, the SULTAN should prove unusually pliable, he will probably resist more obstinately the next demand which may be preferred.

THE ARMY ESTIMATES.

THE Army Estimates are never very pleasant reading.

It is not that we pay a great deal of money every year, and that these Estimates are the "little account" which reminds us that the time for payment has again come round—that, if we get value for our money, ought to be no annoyance to a great and wealthy nation. It is not that the amount of protection we obtain against dangers, real or imaginary, is very small—that, if the cost were small in proportion, might be due to a deliberate conviction that it was best to husband our resources, except in the immediate presence of an unmistakable demand on them. It is that the method we adopt gives us the faulty part of both these alternatives. We spend a great deal and we get very little for it. Put them how we will, the figures which bring this conclusion home to us cannot be satisfactory. We have an army which is neither large enough to make up by its numbers for want of readiness for immediate service, nor perfect enough in its preparation and equipments to make up for its want of numbers by the promptitude with which it can be sent to any part of the world. For this army we pay not perhaps enough money to get a better one, but certainly almost enough money to get a better one. The premium is sufficiently high to make a very serious item in the national balance-sheet; yet the policy in consideration of which it is paid does not insure us against danger abroad nor against anxiety at home. To put it plainly, what is wanting is our old friend the pennyworth of tar. With that the ship would be all right; without it it is, if not spoiled, at least in danger of being seriously injured on some of its many little voyages.

The figures in the Estimates for 1881-2 are in one respect satisfactory. They provide for an increase in the infantry of the line of 2,792 non-commissioned officers and men. By this means Mr. CHILDERS proposes to give us twelve battalions with a strength of 950 rank and file each; four with a strength of 850, four with a strength of 650, eight with a strength of 500, and forty-three with a strength of 480, rank and file. It is to be hoped, though it does not appear from the Estimates, that these figures imply a regular progress from the lower strength to the higher—that whenever any of the first twelve battalions is sent on foreign service, one of the next four will step into its place, and immediately be raised to its maximum strength; that the place thus vacated in the next four will be filled up in the same way from the four that stand third in order; and that in this way the battalions first on the roster for foreign service will never be allowed to drop below their full strength. The country has had enough of calls made for instant help in a sudden emergency, and responded to three weeks after date. A battalion ought not to embark for the seat of war with half its strength made up of volunteers from other regiments, so that the officers have to go into action neither knowing their men nor being known by them. If the addition to the infantry of 2,792 men can enable Mr. CHILDERS to prevent this from happening again, the increase in the pay will be willingly borne. Unfortunately the gain to which we may look forward under this head is not without its compensating loss. The Government seem to have had two objects in view in preparing the Estimates—greater efficiency as regards the infantry regiments, and an outlay as nearly as possible the same as last year. As the net increase is only 119,200*l.*, they may be said to have come within measurable distance of this result. In order to achieve this, however, the strength of the army has had to be lessened in other respects. A real addition of 2,792 men is more than the English nation could contemplate without being unduly lifted up, and to prevent this the artillery and the cavalry have both been reduced in strength. If the only choice given to us were between an increase of 2,792 men in the infantry, with a

decrease of 569 men in the artillery and 549 men in the cavalry, and the retention of all arms at their present strength, it might, for anything we know, be right to prefer the former. That is a point upon which only experts can have an opinion. But even civilians may feel that there is not the slightest need to limit our choice in this way. The only ground upon which a decrease in the strength of the artillery and the cavalry can possibly be justified is a positive excess in the supply over the demand. The need of saving on one item in order to balance increased outlay on another is purely imaginary. England can afford to have as many soldiers as she needs of all arms, not merely of one arm out of three. Mr. CHILDERS may of course be able to show that our present establishment of artillery and cavalry is larger than necessary. But he will have antecedent probability against him, and, we fancy, military opinion also. The comparative strength of the different arms of the service ought to be determined in part by the comparative difficulty of increasing their strength at short notice. In this respect the artillery and the cavalry stand on a very different footing from the infantry. A recruit can be made of some value as a foot soldier long before he can be made of any use at all either as an artilleryman or as a trooper. The English army has been generally supposed to be unduly weak in both these respects. It is certainly unfortunate that Mr. CHILDERS should have found himself compelled to make our condition a little worse in respect of artillery and cavalry as the only means open to him of making it a little better as regards infantry. This, we may presume, is the price the country pays for having a great financier at the head of affairs. An increase of 119,200*l.* on the army is the largest sum which has been found consistent with the symmetry of Mr. GLADSTONE's next Budget. Perhaps, indeed, we ought to be thankful that Mr. GLADSTONE allowed the difference between the Estimates this year and last to appear in the increase column at all.

There is one other vote that calls for notice, not for any particular change that it has undergone, but merely because of the tale of disappointed hopes which it uniformly tells. Year after year we look for the Reserve which was in some sort to put the English military system on a level with the military systems of Continental nations, and year after year the object looked for is so infinitesimally minute that it almost escapes observation. In the Estimates for 1880-1 the number of men provided for in the First-class Reserve was 23,000. In the Estimates for 1881-2 the number of men provided for in the First-class Reserve is 24,000. Even this latter magnificent figure does not quite come up to the idea which the advocates of short service did their best to get accepted. Putting aside the defence of India and the Colonies, the short-service theory is a very sound one. What England wants is an army that is small in peace, but capable of great and immediate expansion in time of war. A long service cannot answer to this description, because it keeps a man with the colours all the time that he is really efficient. Consequently the army can only be increased in the event of war by the enlistment of new recruits, who cannot be made into good soldiers except after a considerable interval. The short-service principle is designed to meet this difficulty. It aims at passing as many men as possible through the military mill, and then dismissing them to civil life with proper securities that they can be recalled to the colours at short notice. In this way, at the approach of war, the army can be raised in a moment from its normal strength to a strength which shall include all the men who have served for a certain number of years back. This system has now been in operation since 1871, and the First-class Reserve consists in 1881 of just 24,000 men. Unless some better result than this is to be shown in future years, short service and Reserve must be set down as merely twin delusions.

THE JUDICIAL CHANGES.

THE debate on the Irish Protection Bill was interrupted on Thursday to give time for a discussion on the proposal to abolish the two legal Chiefships. On the same evening a motion was made by Lord DENMAN in the House of Lords for an address adverse to the proposal, but after a few words from the CHANCELLOR it was withdrawn. The Lords, therefore, declined to interfere with the proposal, and their refusal cannot fail to make a strong

impression on the public. The House of Lords contains many lawyers of the highest repute, and every Law Lord is, under modern arrangements, concerned in the habitual administration of justice. They know the profession to which they belonged during the most active time of their lives, the judicial body of which they form a part, and the needs of suitors with whom they are brought into contact. That no serious opposition should have been made by them to a considerable change is a strong testimony to the wisdom and necessity of the change. It was not in any way a party question. The change proceeded from Lord CAIRNS quite as much as from Lord SELBORNE, and although this made successful opposition hopeless, it made it easier for any one who disapproved of the change to say all he wished to say against it. In the Commons two Liberals supported an address against the proposal, and were countenanced by three Conservatives. The opponents of the change in the Lords appear to have been convinced beforehand of the hopelessness of opposition. A testimony of considerable strength is that of the Incorporated Law Society, which presented a petition expressing the general opinion of a large body of solicitors that in the interest of suitors the change was in the highest degree salutary, not to say indispensable. When the judges met in council, twenty-one out of twenty-eight were in favour of the proposal; and the only noteworthy demonstration against the change was that of a meeting of the Bar, from which nearly every Common Law barrister of eminence was absent, half of which did not vote at all, and in which those who did vote candidly confessed that they knew very little about the matter on which they were voting. In the Commons Sir HARDINGE GIFFARD afforded a solitary specimen of a barrister of eminence who was adverse to the proposal. In such a matter the public must look to the amount and quality both of the support and the opposition which a proposal receives as to the merits of which scarcely any one who is not a lawyer can pretend to have an opinion. Discussion and suspense are now at an end. Parliament has given its decided approval of the abolition of the Chiefships, and in a very few days two new Puisne Judges will be appointed. But, as it is notorious that some persons whose opinions are entitled to respect have thought that the remodelling of the High Court would draw with it consequences disadvantageous to public interests, it is just as well that the change should have been supported by all the Law Lords, three-fourths of the judges in council, the general body of solicitors, and, with some exceptions, all the eminent barristers of the day.

The debate in the Commons, although chiefly supported by those who knew that they were arguing against a foregone conclusion, was not without interest. Mr. FOWLER recalled to the memory of his hearers that not many years ago most of the leading members of the present Government, including Mr. GLADSTONE himself, were strongly in favour of retaining the offices of Chief Baron and Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. With some Ministries, had they changed their opinions, the strongest reasons for the change might have been inferred. But as the debate proceeded, the actual reasons for their now supporting what they formerly opposed were revealed. When the new system of judicature was established, it was thought that the three divisions of the Common Law judges might be advantageously retained. If there were to be three divisions, there might very properly be three chiefs of division. In course of time experience showed that the retention of separate divisions hampered the administration of justice. Suitors were kept waiting until their division could take up their case, and when it did sit, the division thought it due to its dignity to come out in respectable strength and make an imposing figure before the public. Delay was thus caused in two ways. Suitors had to wait until their division could attend to them, and two or three judges were told off to do work of which one judge could have disposed. The first step towards a new state of things was taken when it was decided that a single judge should sit whenever possible, and a farther step was taken when it was decided that divisions should be altogether abolished. The second step was a necessary consequence of the first, for it was impossible that a single judge should sit when the customs of divisions required that, as often as their special functions should be called into play, there should be two or three judges to do the work. It is so evident that the new judicature system cannot work unless the divisions of the Common Law

Bench are abolished, that those who wished that the Chiefships should be retained were obliged to admit that there could be no division in existence over which they might be invited to preside. Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN was the man of greatest eminence who wished the Chiefships to be retained; but, then, he was also strongly in favour of retaining the divisions. Such a man could never rely on arguments in favour of which there was not much to say, and Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN presented one mode of viewing the administration of justice with singular force. It was a mode of viewing the working of the law which was not only plausible in itself, but was countenanced by the long traditions of the country. According to this view, the test of excellence in a judicial system is not so much the despatch of business as the inculcation of a respect for the law. What is really important is, not that every suitor shall get a hearing, but that the fortunate few shall get such a hearing as will impress the public with a sense of the dignity, the ability, and the impartiality of English judges. Suitors, in fact, should be allowed to go only to one race a year, but then that race should be the Derby. In process of time business increased, suitors grew clamorous, and, what was more important, could make their voice heard in Parliament. The Legislature, impelled by public opinion, decided that the despatch of business should be the test of the goodness of the judicial system. Sir ALEXANDER COCKBURN fought hard for the old view, but the times were against him. Sir HENRY JAMES only embodied the new view when he said that the first thing to be considered was the interests of the public; and that those interests demanded that the interposition of divisions should not delay justice, although these divisions might give additional dignity to the office of a judge and additional liveliness to the favourable impression which judges make on the public.

Mr. FOWLER put, as well as they could have been put, the views of those who are obviously in favour of the single judge system and of the abolition of the divisions of the Common Law branch, but who would have liked to see the Chiefships retained as prizes for the Bar or as supports of the status of Puisne Judges. If special honour is in some way given to two judges who do exactly the same work as Puisne Judges, men of greater eminence would accept the position, and all the Puisne Judges would get a reflected glory from its being made evident that even Attorney-Generals would on certain terms be content to do the same work as their less fortunate brethren. The work of a Puisne Judge is in itself, it is argued, as arduous and as important as that of a Judge of Appeal, but it gets an undeserved discredit if there are a set of Appeal Judges over the Puisne Judges who are better paid, more highly honoured, and are thought by a misguided public to be wiser and cleverer. The way to stop this mischievous injustice is to give high pay and special titles to one or two judges, who will be in all other respects like Puisne Judges. What may be the titles given to these more illustrious Puisne Judges is in itself a matter of indifference, but as there happen to be two ancient titles, the memory of which still hangs about Westminster Hall, these old titles may as well be preserved, although, of course, with a new meaning. To be called a Chief Baron would not indicate that the bearer of the title was a chief or a Baron, but would indicate that the person so called was an illustrious Puisne Judge. From this point of view it is not necessary to insist in any great degree on the Chiefships as prizes for the Bar. What with the Law Lords, the members of the Judicial Committee, and the Justices of Appeal, there are now so many great legal dignitaries that advocates of the highest eminence will always find something worth taking, if they wish to give up the Bar for the Bench. Attorney-Generals have plenty of places to attract them when they are tired of the House of Commons and of a lucrative practice. The question which agitates the minds of Mr. FOWLER and of those who think with him is not whether Law Officers will get sufficient promotion, but whether as good a class of Common Law barristers will accept puisne judgeships as at present, if they no longer have ex-Law Officers doing as they do and working as Judges of First Instance. This is the real point, the only point that has survived discussion in or out of Parliament. No one doubts that Chancery barristers, of equal eminence with those who are now judges, will continue to accept puisne judgeships as freely and contentedly as

ever; but then it is said that this is because they have never been used to the glory of having Chief Barons and Chief Justices of the Common Pleas associated with them. Common Law barristers, on the other hand, will feel that there is a sort of new blank in the life of a Puisne Judge, and will shrink from it. No one can prove that these anticipations are either right or wrong. Time alone must show. But it may be observed that both the present and the late CHANCELLOR, who must be as well acquainted with the inclinations of the Bar as any two men can be, have not the slightest apprehension of finding any new difficulty in persuading proper persons to become judges. Every one who is acquainted with eminent barristers will allow that a barrister who, after giving full weight to considerations of money, home interests, health, age, and intellectual tastes, would accept a puisne judgeship, but who would finally decline it because he has not a purely titular Chief Baron to keep him company, must be a man of a more curious and exquisite nature than is generally associated with success at the Bar.

THE STATIONERY OFFICE.

IT is really a pleasure in these days of self-assertion to find a public department in which the virtue of modesty has been consistently practised for nearly a century. The appearance of a First Report of the Controller of Her Majesty's Stationery Office naturally suggests that the office is one of recent creation. In that case a year or two of silence is neither unnatural nor infrequent. The chief and his subordinates have alike to learn their places, and before they can write about their work to any purpose they must know something of what they have to do. The reticence of the Stationery Office is of a nobler kind. It has been in existence for close upon a hundred years, and in all that time it has never used the material it distributes for the gratification of its own vanity. Though it can trace its origin to the Administrative Reform Act carried by Mr. BURKE, when Paymaster-General under the ROCKINGHAM Administration, it has not presumed on its birth. Even now it is not for its own gratification that it has come before the world. It is only "in accordance with the desire expressed" by the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty's Treasury that Mr. PIGOTT has departed from the traditional reserve of his predecessors, and consented to lay before Parliament an account of the "establishment, duties, expenditure, and receipts of Her Majesty's Stationery Office."

It is possible, indeed, that the reserve displayed by this Office in times past was in part due to the consciousness that it was not very economically managed. The present Report enumerates quite enough savings to give the reader an idea of how differently things were managed before the appearance of that bright occidental star of economy, the late Mr. JOSEPH HUME. The old theory was that a Government should go about its business handsomely. It was the Government of the Sovereign, and all its acts ought to be characterized by a certain air of Royal magnificence. One example of this was the use for all Government purposes of the best hand-made paper. Blue-Books were printed on it, and the whole correspondence of the public departments was written on it. When it is remembered that this correspondence included the invitations to supper interchanged by junior clerks, the most determined enemy of cheeseparing will not regret that, "except for purposes of permanent and important records, the use of hand-made paper has been abolished." It took over ten years to conquer the practice of treating waste paper as an unrecognized perquisite of office-keepers and messengers. Since 1852 it has been regularly sold for the benefit of the public, and the receipts from this source now average 10,000*l.* a year. The contracts under which work was done for the Stationery Office were equally of a kind which was not likely to court revision. The savings effected since 1875 now amount to 55,000*l.* a year; "in other words, the cost for the work executed and supplies obtained through the Stationery Office would have cost at the rates in force before 1875 about 55,000*l.* more than would be paid for work and stores of the same quantity and quality under the contract now in force." This represents a considerable percentage on an annual expenditure of 460,000*l.*, which is about what the public have to pay for the printing, binding, and publishing of the books

and papers required for their use, and for the supply of writing materials to the public offices. Under the head of Printing the most costly item is also the least interesting. The forms required by the public offices are all supplied by the Stationery Office, and no office can fairly be charged with parsimony in the use of them. A correspondence with a public department always involves a vast expenditure of what, to the untutored outsider, seem to be forms without meaning. Nor is there any chance that this item will decrease. Good government and blank paper seem to go hand in hand. As we get rid of social and political abuses, we become more the slaves of routine. The one comfort that an economist can administer to himself is that money has been saved on the outward man of these forms. They are not nearly so magnificent as they used to be. The size and cost of the paper has been reduced, the use of coloured inks has been given up, and the monotony of the prospect is no longer relieved by strange and expensive varieties of type.

About 63,000*l.* are yearly paid for Parliamentary printing, including under this head the sums paid for printing papers presented to Parliament by HER MAJESTY'S command, and for printing votes, proceedings, and papers ordered by both Houses. There can be no doubt that a good deal of the matter printed under both these heads is little better than worthless. Mr. PIGOTT says that every member of the House of Commons "who served through the last Parliament and drew all his papers, received, according to a moderate calculation, about a ton of printed matter." The chances are that of all this heap of statistics and reports not a hundredth part was ever looked at either by the member or any one else. It is printed for no other apparent reason than to save the public offices the trouble of deciding what shall be printed and what kept back. As regards reports, whether from Select Committees or Royal Commissions, no retrenchment can be made. It is useless to appoint a Committee or a Commission unless its report is made public, useless, by printing the report and suppressing the evidence, to leave the world in doubt as to the soundness of the conclusions drawn in it. But there is a vast amount of purely statistical matter which would be all the better for judicious boiling down. The remarkable faculty which Mr. GIFFEN now brings to bear on the construction of a few isolated tables might be extended with great public benefit to the whole masses of figures which are chiefly valuable for their totals. It is not only on the score of saving money that a reform of this kind is desirable. It is even more so on the score of saving time. So long as Parliamentary papers remain what they are, many things of interest that lie hid in them will go altogether unnoticed. Except when a Blue-Book commands exceptional attention, it commonly gets none at all; and when it gets none at all, the end of its preparation and publication remains unfulfilled. Hopes of an improvement in this respect have latterly been held out, and it is time that something was done to give them definite shape. If the whole mass of papers were edited on a uniform plan, and some care taken in the choice of matter, the fifty or sixty folios which are now annually added to the shelves of the great public libraries might be brought down to a very much smaller number. The Reports of Inspectors, which form a constantly growing element in Parliamentary papers, might in many cases be merely searched for telling passages, instead of being printed in full, and officials of all kinds might be made to do a good deal in the way of suppressing their private opinions, and giving nothing but ascertained results. Of course there are cases in which an official opinion may be extremely valuable. But it should be the business of an editor to find this out. What is done without difficulty by a hundred private agencies may surely be done by one public agency.

The only other point that calls for notice in Mr. PIGOTT'S Report is his remarks upon "confidential printing." Under all the chief printing contracts the contractor stands bound to exclude all strangers from the printing-office, and to adopt every precaution suggested by the Controller to ensure that nothing printed for Government shall fall into hands not entitled to receive it. Besides, however, this general provision in favour of secrecy, there is some "confidential printing" which is separately charged for, and it is with the cost of this that Mr. PIGOTT is disposed to quarrel. Confidential work, if executed at the Foreign Office, costs about 27 per cent. more than confidential work

executed at another public office, and about 41 per cent. more than ordinary work executed on the printers' own premises. This is a large discrepancy, and it is not wonderful that Mr. PIGOTT burns to bridge it over. It is necessary, however, to bear in mind that there is very much more temptation to betray Foreign Office secrets than any others—except occasionally budget secrets—and consequently that very much greater care has to be exercised, in order to guard against betrayal. The sanction by which secrecy is ordinarily secured is simply the loss of the contract that will follow upon any failure to observe it. The contractor is in turn protected against incurring this loss by reason of any misconduct on the part of his workmen by their knowledge that, if they betray any secrets, they will at once be dismissed. But where Foreign Office secrets are concerned, something more than this is needed. Betrayal of confidence must not only be punished, but be made impossible, and this can only be done by the employment of picked workmen. Honesty, like all other useful qualities, has its price, and an economy which made its attainment doubtful would be a very certain loss.

MR. CARLYLE.

THE death of Mr. Carlyle will have caused, notwithstanding his advanced age, a widespread feeling of regret. Not only his friends, but those who knew him only by his writings, found themselves connected with him by a kind of personal association. Other men of genius put the best of themselves into their works, which thenceforth possess a detached and independent existence. Carlyle, though he was, in the opinion of many capable judges, the greatest writer of his time, always seemed to be a living teacher, or, as he has often been called, a prophet. His revelations were, like the chapters of the Koran, occasional and fragmentary, always characteristic and essentially consistent, but containing no body of systematic doctrine. He has inspired and modified the mode of thought rather than the opinions of one or two generations; but the imitators of his mannerism are not to be counted among his genuine disciples. More than one thoughtful essayist has within the last few days attempted, with more or less success, to define his theological and ethical convictions. They undoubtedly derived their form, and in some degree their substance, from the Calvinistic belief of his early youth; but it was not his habit or the tendency of his intellect to embody his creed in formal propositions. Though his conception of the moral order of the world may be called dynamic, unfriendly critics who accused him of deifying force were wholly mistaken. He was never tired of asserting the right of a hero to compel the obedience of ordinary men, but always on the condition that he was a hero, and not a vulgar despot. His own judgment in the selection of heroes was not infallible, but it excluded mere tyrants and usurpers. His contempt for the claim of license to do wrong blinded him in some degree to the advantages of liberty. His ruling principle is perhaps best expressed in the old formula *ὁ κρείττων τῷ κρείττονι*, a phrase which cannot be at the same time literally and adequately translated into English, because the Greek word means at the same time better and stronger. Carlyle entertained little respect for the first Napoleon, who was the most perfect modern representative of material force. Napoleon III. in the height of his prosperity and power always appeared to Carlyle a vulgar charlatan. His admiration for Cromwell and, in a less degree, for Frederick the Great was but incidentally connected with a disposition to glorify success. In his estimation a martyr might be the equal of the best of conquerors. One of the most eloquent passages in his works is the imaginary description of the canonization of Edmund, the East Anglian King and martyr. "In this manner did the men of the Eastern Counties take up the slain body of their Edmund, where it lay cast forth in the village of Hoxne; seek out the severed head and reverently reunite the same. They embalmed him with myrrh and sweet spices, with love, pity, and all high and awful thoughts; consecrating him with a very storm of melodious, adoring admiration, and sun-dried showers of tears; joyfully, yet with awe (as all deep joy has something of the awful in it), commemorating his noble deeds and godlike walk and conversation while on Earth. Till, at length, the very Pope and Cardinals at Rome were forced to hear of it; and they, summing up as correctly as they well could, with *Advocatus Diaboli* pleadings and other forms of process, the general verdict of mankind, declared that he had in very fact led a hero's life in this world; and, being now gone, was gone, as they conceived, to God above and reaping his reward there. Such, they said, was the best judgment they could form of the case, and truly not a bad judgment." The apotheosis of the semi-mythical St. Edmund may be set off against some capricious eulogies of such despots as Frederick William I. and the Dictator Francia; and it may be admitted that Carlyle was not always superior to the temptation of paradox. His political sympathies became less and less revolutionary as he grew older. In *Sartor Resartus* there is a strong tendency to Communism, and in *Chartism* he still regards universal suffrage as a right, if not as an expedient arrangement. In later years he

utterly distrusted the judgment of the multitude, which, in his opinion, needed guidance and discipline much more than political power. His estimate of men was often extraordinarily sagacious, though the severity of his judgment was not unfrequently qualified by the influence of social relations. His dislike of Sir Robert Peel, whom he had ungraciously ridiculed as Sir Jabesh Windbag, was exchanged for sincere respect and esteem when he made his acquaintance in a house where they both were frequent guests. His feelings towards other statesmen of his time may probably have been affected by similar circumstances, for he was the most genial, though not the most tolerant, of men.

There are still many persons, not without literary cultivation, to whom Carlyle's manner is distasteful; and it may be admitted that he would in many cases have done better in adopting a pedestrian and ordinary style; but the habit of regarding all things from his own special point of view had become inveterate, and his language accurately represented his imagination and his humour. The Lowland Scotch, which was his mother-tongue, was the basis of his well-known diction. He borrowed some of his peculiarities from German, though the influence on his method of Jean Paul Richter, who was himself through one or two descents a follower of Sterne, has sometimes been exaggerated. Of Carlyle, if not of other writers, the saying is true, that the style is the man. That it was perfectly natural was sufficiently proved by the fact that he spoke exactly as he wrote, though, if possible, with more uniform brilliancy and force. Those who had the good fortune to be admitted to his society are almost unanimous in their opinion that his powers of conversation, or rather of familiar speech, were in their experience unequalled; yet it is intelligible that Luttrell, a witty diner-out of a past generation, should have been unable to appreciate Carlyle's originality. If he sometimes engrossed a large share of attention, the freshness of his fancy and the flow of his humour were alike inexhaustible. His imagination was so plastic that he could scarcely describe the commonest object without notice of some characteristic feature or picturesque peculiarity. It is to be hoped that some of his friends have preserved reminiscences of his descriptive or epigrammatic language; but it would be impossible to reproduce his spontaneous abundance of illustration. He denounced one of his friends who, with a purpose as humorous as his own, challenged him by affecting a tone of moral indifference, as fit to be President of the Heaven and Hell Amalgamation Society. He assured a member of Parliament who, with a similar object, excused a vote on the pretence of deferring to the wish of his constituents, that at the day of judgment the excuse would not serve. "It will be you that will be damned, and not your constituents." He once interrupted a eulogy which he considered excessive on an eminent economist, for whom he had nevertheless a sincere regard, by declaring that he was "an inspired bagman who believed in a calico millennium"; but isolated fragments of talk accidentally retained in the memory are little better than fragmentary specimens of some great work of architecture. In conversation, as in literary composition, he sometimes caused an irritation which was scarcely justifiable by steadily declining controversy. His hearers or readers were welcome to learn what he had to tell them; but he neither answered objections nor engaged in discussion. Those who differed from him were at liberty to hold their own opinions, but not to extract from him reasons which were inseparably connected with his feelings and his character. It would have required some obtuseness of perception not to recognize in personal intercourse his intellectual and moral elevation. His friends would sometimes have gladly received an interpretation of the meaning of the oracle; but they were compelled to be content with the responses. They could always count in turn on his ready appreciation of their thoughts, and on his hearty laughter.

Carlyle's rank as a moral teacher and a humorist has sometimes interfered with the recognition of his laborious study of historical facts. His minute industry is most remarkably exhibited in the *Memoirs of Cromwell* and in the *Life of Frederick the Great*. The plan of the *Life of Cromwell* was borrowed from Mr. Spedding, though the *Life of Bacon* was published at a later period. The scheme is exhaustive, but it has a tendency to be tedious; and, as a rule, the historian ought not to submit the raw material of his studies to the reader. The *Remains of Cromwell* are, fortunately, limited in bulk, and they receive a meaning and a kind of unity from Carlyle's suggestive comments. Even the chaotic, but not frivolous, speeches of the Protector are strangely illuminated by occasional interpolations, such as "Hear, hear, your Highness." It is true that the biographer is not exempt from an idolatry which suggests and justifies a certain scepticism in accepting his conclusions; but no other historian has made the character of Cromwell so consistent and so intelligible. For his later hero Carlyle's sympathy was far less perfect, and the history of Frederick's early years is told in unnecessary detail, while the twenty years during which he survived the Seven Years' War are slurred over in a few pages; but the history of Prussia in the first volume is an admirable specimen of concise narrative; and scarcely any writer has described battles so intelligibly, though Carlyle was otherwise unacquainted with military affairs. He has scarcely communicated to his English readers his own qualified admiration for his hero; but it must be remembered that all patriotic Germans feel an enthusiasm for Frederick and even a certain gratitude to his unattractive father.

The merits of Carlyle's prose epic on the French Revolution are of a different and of a higher order. The only copy of the first volume of the book was destroyed by an accident, and Carlyle

always believed that the version which he was compelled to substitute was inferior to the original; but it is difficult to believe that the brilliant and pathetic narrative which remains could have been surpassed. There are fuller accounts of the Revolution, but many students remember the principal events most vividly by reference to the history which made them more interesting than scenes in a romance. His half-serious excuse for the people which always found itself baffled on the verge of an expected Paradise is perhaps the best apology for the crimes and follies of the Revolution. His admiration for Mirabeau is more justifiable than his characteristic tenderness for Danton. The chief author of the massacres of September was perhaps to be preferred to his successful rival; but the narrow pedantry of Robespierre, which excited the contemptuous aversion of Carlyle, was a venial aggravation of the guilt of the most murderous of tyrants. The *History of the French Revolution* first made Carlyle popular, and perhaps taught him his true vocation; but before and after its publication he exercised a wide influence by his contributions to literary criticism. His Essay on Voltaire displayed a remarkable power of appreciating both the merits and defects of the most typical of Frenchmen. The review of Croker's edition of Boswell has finally exploded the shallow prejudices against Johnson and his biographer which culminated about the same time in Macaulay's shallow and paradoxical criticism. The study of German literature in England has been more effectually promoted by Carlyle's early writings than by any other single cause. His devotion to the person and genius of Goethe is difficult to reconcile with his later predilections, for he was in after life not an enthusiastic admirer of poetry, or of literary eminence; and Goethe's sublime indifference to national interests and to other disturbing elements might have been thought uncongenial to the temperament of his devoted admirer. The impression produced by the great German writer was as permanent as it was profound. Long after he had entered on other fields of intellectual activity, Carlyle retained his original reverence for his master. Some correspondence had passed between them; but Goethe received coldly the overtures of his young admirer, who would willingly have made a pilgrimage to Weimar. No modern English writer is now so well known in Germany, which Carlyle always seemed to regard as a second mother country. Foreigners are probably less sensitive than English readers to the peculiarities of style. On the other hand, they are more likely to overlook or misinterpret his incessant employment of humour. In common with some other authors, he received general recognition in America earlier than in England; and his only successful imitator is a popular American essayist. In other copies his manner, denuded of his humorous imagination, becomes tedious and distasteful. It would be idle in a limited space to attempt even imperfectly to analyse Carlyle's peculiar and original powers. He had happily time and opportunity to indulge his genius to the full. His simple habits enabled him to choose for himself in dignified seclusion the subjects of his indefatigable literary labours. Whatever is incomplete in his works corresponds to the instinctive or deliberate limitations which he imposed on himself. It may be repeated that Carlyle was not a philosopher, but a prophet.

CURATES IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

II.

DR. JOHNSON on his tour in the Highlands was entertained by Mr. M'Aulay, the Minister of Calder, who seems to have availed himself of the opportunity of a visit from an English guest to speak slightly of the lower English clergy. It was an attack not to be let pass without such a retort as the moment suggested. The Doctor gave him a frowning look, and said, "This is a day of novelties. I have seen old trees in Scotland, and I have heard the English clergy spoken of with disrespect." The Scotchman's charges were founded on hearsay. The standing of curates out of the way of preferment, ill-paid and over-tasked, was not one to excite popular respect, nor yet self-respect in men who live by the rule of what is expected of them. Yet not only were there exemplary curates who have left a name behind them, but a very slight consideration shows that the class offered a most sturdy resistance to the free-thinking liberalism of the day, and helped to furnish an effectual barrier against attacks on the Church's defences which were carried on in one way or another throughout the century. The literature and records of the eighteenth century show one continued assault upon creeds and articles. From Tillotson's time attempts were constantly made to adapt the Liturgy to modern tastes and ideas and to the scruples of various forms of nonconformity. Sanguine hopes of success under the patronage of such men as Bishop Hoadly, and, later, Bishop Watson, continued to attend these efforts; but at the end of the century (1796) the *Monthly Review*, the organ of the aggressive party, confesses defeat. In a notice of a sermon entitled "The Liturgy of the Church of England recommended," by the Rev. A. Macaulay, Curate of Claybrooke, we read:—"The design of farther reforming the Church of England and improving its ritual, which has at different times attracted the attention and caused the exertion of many learned and able men among, not only the clergy, but the laity, and concerning which in the earlier period of our labours we had frequent occasion to express our sentiments, appears now to be altogether abandoned." The great body of the clergy, especially it may be the clergy of

rural districts, remote from the liberalizing influences of the day, effected this successful resistance. That curates did their part in it we may learn from the record left of one saintly example of the class, whose ministry extended through the first half of the century. The Rev. John Bold, who was ordained to the curacy of Stony Stanton in Leicestershire in 1702, and held it till his death in 1751, was probably of a temper opposed by nature as well as principle to change. The stout Church principles on which he began his ministry were only strengthened by time. The man who, well born, a scholar and of literary power, could settle down deliberately for life on a salary of 30*l.* a year, his whole dependence (it was never raised), and could live contented and honoured upon it for fifty years, was not one to follow a tide of newfangled ideas. The record of his life, as gathered from the recollections of the parishioners by a rector of Stony Stanton, is a short one, but impresses one by the earnestness of the writer and his veneration for his subject:—

To say that Mr. Bold was an able and orthodox divine, a good writer, an excellent preacher, an attentive parish priest, is the smallest part of his praise. He appears from the early age of twenty-four years to have formed his plan of making himself a living sacrifice for the benefit of his flock; and to have declined preferment (which was afterwards offered to him) with a view of making his example and doctrine the more striking and effective by his permanent residence and labours in one and the same place. His ministerial labours were such as I apprehend his own sense of the pastoral office, of its high importance to the salvation of mankind, directed. . . . He read the Fathers and the early writers of the Reformation—what they prescribed he fulfilled. During the whole of Lent, on holidays, and on every Wednesday and Friday, he had service in the church, and he had engaged the people to attend so generally and regularly that it is related of one farmer particularly, that whenever he was absent from his business he was to be found at church.

The account goes on to give details of his life and personal habits, which of course explain his extraordinary influence upon his flock. Living and associating with them, his character never lost its weight and authority; and this under considerable difficulties, for the humblest particulars of his private life were open to his parishioners. He lodged with a farmer; at first paying 8*l.* a year for his board, then 12*l.*, at last 16*l.* His daily food consisted of water-gruel at breakfast; a plate from the farmer's table at dinner; after dinner, his only luxury, half a pint of ale of his own brewing; his supper, milk pottage. In summer he read and wrote in his own room; in winter by the family fireside. His dress, an ample decent gown which folded over and was bound round the waist by a sash, no doubt added to the reverence of his presence. But no mere rule or garb can win influence. Manner and speech, and the heart that moulds and dictates them, can alone do this. Mr. Bold's influence was proved in a very practical fashion. "Except," we read, "in the case of a discharged soldier, who was guilty of robbing, I cannot learn that any felonious act was committed in the parish for half a century." And one particular instance is given of the effect of his teaching and example, and its hold on the memory, where the writer describes the religious and exemplary course of an old labourer of eighty-nine, whom he visited in his decline:—"Ah, Sir, that was a rare team I drove when I was young; but, Sir, whenever the church bell rang at 3 o'clock on Saturday afternoon I always left my team, when at plough, and came to Mr. Bold to be catechized, and then went back to plough." Goldsmith, we see, need not have been thrown on imagination for his picture of the ideal village pastor.

Such a pastor would certainly not approve of interference in his proper field. Nor did Mr. Bold. In the distribution of his income—we really hope that the management of it, the lavish charities, the making it do more than thirty pounds ever did before, was a personal pleasure to him—he laid by a sufficient sum to endow a sermon to be preached yearly in Lent on the duty of the people to attend to the instructions of the minister whom the bishop of the diocese should set over them. "This bequest, it is explained, seems to have been occasioned by the rise and progress of the fanatic teachers of Methodism." Yet, no doubt, Methodism in its rise was one material barrier to the encroachments of liberalism. The tone of attack on it explains the real grounds of objection to the language of the Prayer-Book. Whoever accepted this language incurred the same measure of satire and abuse. Thus, in a criticism on a sermon on the Eucharist by Samuel Hardy, Curate of St. Clement's, Ipswich, we read:—

If the famous proposition of the late pious Dr. James Foster be true, that *where mystery begins, religion ends*, then is Mr. Samuel Hardy a very irreligious writer, for he is a most zealous stickler for these mystical notions of the Sacrament, which have been so justly exploded by several eminent and judicious modern writers. The worthy Bishop Hoadly's *Plain Account* he styles an *infamous* book, and gives his own tract as a full and complete answer to it.

The Jesuits are suspected by these critics to be at the bottom of the language and teaching of the Methodists. St. Francis Xavier's life was indeed brought forward by a Methodist writer as an example of the missionary spirit, and the reviewer sees no difference between the two manifestations of enthusiasm. Fanatics of all religions are the same. The expelling of the "six enthusiastic students" from St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, meets with derisive exultant approbation. The same determination to stamp out enthusiasm with the strong hand is applied to orthodoxy—identified with High Church worship—and Methodism.

No stronger contrast can be found than that between the two curates of the eighteenth century, each remarkable in his way, who stand as specimens of their class—namely, John Bold and the more celebrated John Newton, whose name, though a curate only sixteen years (from 1764 to 1780), lives as Curate of Olney, where, in conjunction

with Cowper, he brought out a volume of hymns which was long a household book. At one time it would have been superfluous to give an outline of this noted religious leader's strange career; but time dims such records, and many persons not unfamiliar with his name may yet not recognize him under his own favourite title of the African Blasphemer. His autobiography certainly shows wonderful power of some sort. A sense of this power may have smoothed the task of confession—if we may call it such—as he conducts his readers from scene to scene of a dissolute course redeemed by a tinge of romance and strange adventure. His birth and childish training were those of a better class, his father being captain of a trading vessel. He went to sea at eleven years old. Presently we find him impressed into the navy, and there, through his father's influence, made midshipman. But to his temper of utter insubordination, aggravated by a fit of infidelity "into which he plunged with all his spirit," restraint was unendurable. At last, when at Plymouth, he went ashore without leave, was caught, led through the streets like a felon, carried back to the ship, put in irons, publicly stripped and whipped, and degraded from his office. From the navy he is presently changed to a merchant vessel which lands him on the Guinea coast, and he spends months as a sort of slave to a black woman, who fed him with the broken meat from her table. His misconduct gets him into these depths of degradation, and his cleverness gets him out of them. He describes himself as alternating fits of outrageous wickedness with short periods of religious conviction. He broke every Commandment, he tells us, but the Eighth, with a high hand. As for his oaths and blasphemies, all the stormy energy of his character spent itself on them. Two captains of slaving vessels charged him with being the Jonah who had brought the tempest upon them. But our space only allows us to seize a point here and there of this disgraceful course. Yet through it all there ran a thread of sentiment. At the age of seventeen he had seen a girl of fourteen, daughter of a family friend, who made an indelible impression upon him. Not a day passed in his wildest excesses that he did not think of her. Eventually she became his wife. The marriage took place in 1750, when he was twenty-five, and his conversion accomplished. After this event he took three voyages as captain of a slaving vessel, having, he says, never entertained a scruple as to the lawfulness of the traffic, and the trade being considered a "genteel" calling at once respectable and profitable. In these voyages he taught himself Latin, as on the Guinea Coast he had got up the six books of Euclid. In 1754 he settled down at Liverpool, and from that time became known as a distinguished convert. In 1764 he was ordained to the curacy of Olney. We see in him, under this charge, certain high qualities—sincerity, zeal, and consistency of life and conduct, strong sense, humour, and the qualities that make a friend. He must have had in a fair degree the manners of a gentleman to be the chosen companion of Cowper, Hannah More, and other noted names. The self-complacency with which he dwells on the favour of heaven to so great a sinner is scarcely tempered by as much shame and contrition as the reader desires; but the high Calvinism of his creed did not require this. Besides his autobiography, he wrote books which had great success. He was a light of his party; but as a curate he failed. Probably he would not have thought much of those tokens of a successful ministry which followed on Mr. Bold's teaching; but at any rate they were decidedly wanting at Olney. He had entered on the curacy under the auspices of Mr. Thornton, who supplied him with means for all necessary expenses. "Be hospitable," were his words, "and keep open house for such as are worthy of entertainment. Help the poor and needy. I will stately allow you 200*l.* a year, and readily send whenever you have occasion to draw more." And he was as good as his word. Mr. Newton was a zealous preacher, but his doctrine did not suit his flock; more especially as it was no doubt illustrated by confessions such as we have hinted at. In fact, his devoted biographer has to admit utter failure, and confesses that the Gospel he preached was to the people of Olney a savour of death unto death. His successor, Thomas Scott (the commentator), while recognizing the fact, does not throw all the blame on the hearers:—

Many pious and even eminent ministers have so humoured and indulged their people as to render them captious, self-conceited, and ready to take offence at every faithful and needful reproof and exhortation. Good Mr. Newton, than whom few stand higher on many grounds, had erred in this respect at Olney to that degree that he could not preach a plain and practical sermon without exciting inquiries through the town, "What has been the matter? who has been telling something that led to this subject?" By this and other concurring circumstances, though exemplary, meek, and loving in the highest degree, he became an Eli at Olney, and really could not keep his station, having lost almost all his authority and influence. And when it was known he was about to go, it seemed the determination to thwart and oppose him in all his plans for their benefit. Olney, when Mr. Newton left it, swarmed with Antinomians; and when a year after became curate of the parish, most of the professors of the Gospel were Dissenters, and I had to attempt raising a new congregation in opposition to Antinomianism and anti-Churchism which prevailed. In a population of 2,500 people, often not one hundred got together on a Sunday morning till nearly the end of the service, and half of these from other places.

Probably Mr. Newton was better placed at St. Mary Woolnoth, where he ended his days at a great age. His hearers might not make such practical application of his doctrine. Rustic and agricultural congregations require a less varied experience in their pastor; a steady course of well-doing fits their ideas best. Quite another class of curate is also characteristic of the latter part of the eighteenth century—the elegant dilettante scholar who, either from something in himself or his circumstances, stands out of the way of preferment, but still possesses gifts to cast a mild illumination

on the remote spot in which destiny fixes him. There was a vast deal of literary activity in that day which had no field for its display such as our time furnishes. Yet an accomplished man was not without a sphere wherever he was placed. It was a sociable age; a scholar well read in modern literature—especially, let us say, in the Italian poets—was an acquisition at every table within his reach. There were more literary circles in out-of-the-way places than there are now; people had more patience with each other's effusions in verse and prose. Letter-writing was cultivated as a pursuit; and, where roads were bad, and the post weekly instead of daily, letters were tolerated of a length which could not now be borne. We find of this class a memoir of the Rev. P. Cunningham, curate of Eyam, in the Peak of Derbyshire, a living held by the Rev. Thomas Seward, father of the authoress. He wrote to his rector letters of a portentous length, which were so far appreciated that they have found their way into print; letters of five and a half closely-printed pages, in which are collected thoughts, criticism, quotation, and narrative which in these days would all have found their way to the magazines. Nothing can exceed the harmony of feeling and universal appreciation that pervades the record. Mr. Seward preaches to the people of Eyam a splendid eulogium on their newly-appointed curate; and the curate sends the passage which contains this notice to his relations at Deal, and to the Archbishop of York, who had recently ordained him. He lavishes on his flock an effusion of feeling in return for "continually receiving from the parishioners the most affecting and expressive demonstrations that my continuance in my present station is essential to their happiness and contentment. One grasps my hands so vehemently, as a mark of cordiality, that it is a mercy for me neither the gout nor the rheumatism are lodged there; another takes them *con amore religioso alle labbra*; a third prays for blessings on my head as I go along the street," &c. We do not quite understand the action conveyed in the Italian quotation—a Peak rustic actually kissing hands. Possibly the borrowed phrase gives the *intention* only. Elsewhere, in expressing his feeling for the starry sphere to which the Derbyshire hills raise him nearer, he declares himself an *amateur* of the great works of nature. He fills the church. "I have the inexpressible satisfaction to observe your church more crowded than I am assured it has ever been remembered during this season of the year. No more Methodist teachers appear at the chapel at Eyam." These transports so early in his career led us to anticipate a collapse of some sort; but ten years seem to have produced no coldness. In spite of little affectations, he had a strong sense of duty. He was evidently in his right place, and an example of contentment, as was many an elegant scholar of the time, under circumstances which would not in duller men have excited the feeling.

Local history gives us glimpses of life in the Church which by no means justify the complacent notion now prevalent of universal apathy and deadness. It is a mere accident when good work in remote scenes of labour outlives the memory of the witnesses of it.

MR. HAWEIS ON LIBERALISM IN THE CHURCH.

WE have heard a good deal of late about claims for greater freedom in the Church of England. Only the other day two petitions were presented to Convocation by the Archbishop of Canterbury from different parties in the Church, the one—far the most numerously signed—praying for a policy of toleration and forbearance in ritual matters, the other deprecating it. It is due indeed to the signatories of the latter or Evangelical petition to say that they disclaimed any desire "to narrow the comprehensiveness of the National Church, or to abridge reasonable liberty," and they in fact proceed at once to vindicate this liberty for their own rubrical irregularities; but they were careful to explain that it must not be extended to any ceremonies expressive of "doctrines which we believe to be unscriptural." But there is unfortunately so much diversity of sentiment, both within and without the Church of England, as to what is scriptural teaching, that those at whom the document is aimed will hardly derive much comfort from the explanation that it only denounces rites which their opponents think unscriptural. It might indeed fairly be urged by Dean Church and his co-signatories that the doctrines symbolized by the incriminated ritual, whether scriptural or not, have at least been ruled by the Supreme Court of Appeal—and this in an undefended suit—to be consistent with the Anglican formularies, and that they are therefore only claiming liberty for the clergyman to give ceremonial expression at the altar to beliefs he has confessedly full liberty to teach from the pulpit. It is a very different kind of liberty which is claimed by Mr. Haweis in an article he has contributed to the *Contemporary Review* on "Freedom of Thought in the Church of England; its Limits, what they are, and what they ought to be." A foot-note informs us that this paper was "originally read before the Clergy of the Diocese of London at St. Paul's, and we cannot help suspecting that it must have pretty well taken away the breath of that grave and reverend assembly as they listened to it." Mr. Haweis, as everybody knows, is a high authority on "music and morals," and he has drawn around his pulpit a circle of curious or admiring hearers who can enjoy a style of eloquence, more educated perhaps, but no less sensational, than that which has made the City Temple and the Surrey Tabernacle famous. But we had yet to learn that he aspired to be also an authority on Christian doctrine. He has

something however to tell us about it which is not exactly new—for the same sort of thing has been said before by Dean Stanley and others in more cautious language—but which possesses a certain novelty, if not exactly a charm, from its manner of utterance. Certainly, if Mr. Stopford Brooke had sat at the feet of Mr. Haweis, he would have had no temptation to leave the Church of England; he would have been taught first to claim a liberty far beyond what he needed as already "belonging" to him, as an Anglican minister, and secondly to "ask for more." It is difficult indeed to know whether to be most amazed at what Mr. Haweis "claims," or at his thinking it necessary, after his modest claim is established, to "ask" for anything further. One is reminded, to be sure, of a familiar example in the old Latin Grammar—*Quo plus habent eo plus cupiunt*. And it is possible in this case that some lingering doubt about the security of the *habent* may have helped to stimulate the cupidity for further acquisitions. Mr. Haweis is perhaps after all not quite so sure as he would fain persuade himself that the limits of his present liberty "are" what he says they are, as he is of what "they ought to be." But it is time to let him speak for himself.

The paper opens with the modest formula already referred to. "First, let us claim what belongs to us. Secondly, let us ask for more." The only remaining restriction on the liberty which "belongs to us" is "that rag and tatter of subscription, the Act 28 and 29 Vict. c. 122":—

This is the rag:—

"I, A. B., do solemnly make the following declaration:

"I assent to the Thirty-Nine Articles of Religion and to the Book of Common Prayer and of the Ordering of Bishops, Priests, and Deacons; I believe the Doctrine of the United Church of England and Ireland, as therein set forth, to be agreeable to the Word of God; and in Public Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments I will use the form in the said book prescribed and none other, except so far as shall be ordered by lawful authority."

Some, it is observed, "think this only a degree less binding than the old form," and Mr. Haweis must of course remember how confidently that argument was pressed on objectors when the change was made only fifteen years ago. "But"—the argument has done its work and may be discarded now—"that is a mistake. The old was a good round confession of belief, but this rag and tatter binds us to believe neither [the italics are his own] the *Articles* nor the *Doctrine of the United Church of England and Ireland*." Does it then mean nothing at all? Not, perhaps, quite that—to assent to anything is to acquiesce in the fact of its existence, just as "several M.P.'s who are avowed Republicans assent to the monarchy, but do not believe in it." It is obvious that in this sense an avowed atheist might "assent" to the 39 Articles and the Book of Common Prayer quite as fully as the strictest Anglican. And as for believing the doctrine of the Church to be "agreeable to the Word of God"—well, let us assume for the moment that the Word of God means the Bible, though Mr. Haweis is "not personally fond of confounding" the two; but what then?

After seeing what the "vigour and rigour" of a professional theologian can do for the Thirty-Nine Articles out of the Bible and what rival sects have habitually done for their own tenets, there is evidently no quantity or quality of doctrine which cannot be shown, with a little judicious severity in the handling of texts, to be agreeable to the Word of God.

The declaration of belief therefore merely amounts to a statement that the Bible, which has been interpreted in a thousand different ways by as many jarring sects or individual readers, may be so interpreted as not to clash with the 39 Articles. Clearly any one who scrupled to make this declaration must be scrupulous almost to monomania. If indeed it meant that the Articles supplied the only natural and proper interpretation of the Bible—a view which might quite conceivably be held by Mr. Bradlaugh—that would not at all prove their teaching to be true, for we may fairly claim that, when a clergyman is required at his ordination to profess his unfeigned belief in all the canonical Scriptures, it is only in the same sense as a man "unfeignedly believes in the British Museum," that is to say "he masters the contents as well as he can, and believes all that the best and wisest authorities can tell him about them." That is precisely the process the author of the *Age of Reason* tells us that he applied to the Bible, by which he arrived at the conclusion that it was all "fabulous," and in that sense, which on Mr. Haweis's showing is a sufficient one, he "unfeignedly believed it." There remain, it is allowed—for Mr. Haweis is resolved to do full justice to the force of the adverse argument—besides "the rag and tatter of subscription" certain "rubrics which have the force of statute law." They deal chiefly however with ritual, and "where they bind ritual they are systematically broken, and where they bind doctrine they are commonly ignored."

So far then the case appears simple enough, and the liberty already existing so complete that nobody need be excluded from the Anglican ministry by the existing subscriptions who would not equally be excluded by being asked to subscribe the first axiom of Euclid. But still the writer does not somehow feel quite at his ease. There is a sort of current prejudice that, after all, subscription to formularies must mean something, and "doctrine will resolve itself into doctrines, and these doctrines are contained in creeds and formularies." And so we are brought back to the old question, "Do you believe them or do you not?"

Abolish subscription, relax the rubrics, yet, as long as the Prayer Book is assented to and used, this is the question which every clergyman has to face—Do you, or do you not, believe the creeds and formularies of the Church of England?

Granted—That no forms can be devised to which any large number of persons can agree without reservations. Still Conscience asks, *What reservations?*

That some expressions become obsolete in time. Conscience asks, *What expressions?*

That different interpretations can be put upon the same words, and that non-natural interpretations may be allowed to the Broad Church, as they have been granted wholesale to the High Church party. Still Conscience asks, *What interpretations?*

That great latitude is admissible in accepting the Bible and the Prayer Book, which is founded upon the Bible. Still Conscience asks, *What latitude?*

That doctrine is different from doctrines. Conscience asks, *What is the difference?*

Here then at last we seem to touch on firm ground. "What freedom in doctrine do we claim?" But if the question is a plain and downright one enough, the answer is not a little bewildering, "Freedom to separate in each doctrine the substance from the form"—the italics are still the writer's—"or, in other words, freedom to re-state the substance." Since the magical "*distinguerendum*" which made such havoc of the first principles of morality in the Jesuit casuistry so mercilessly exposed in the *Provinciales*, no more potent instrument for making a silk purse out of a sow's ear—or the reverse—has ever been devised. What is form and what is substance? Mr. Haweis proceeds to illustrate the distinction by examples. "Do you believe in the miraculous?" Yes, certainly, "the miraculous underlies the whole Bible, the whole Church, the whole of history sacred and profane"—the italics here are ours—but the writer personally would "have great sympathy with those who resolved all physical miracle into misconception, or inspired vision, or even hallucination"—that is, the substance of the doctrine. At the same time he does himself believe in miracles both in and out of the Bible, but not in all of either class. A more searching question follows, "Do you believe in the Incarnation?" Once more the magician waves his wondrous wand. What is the "substance" of the doctrine? Only that "the human side of God—moral sympathy and love—always was, that it did not begin to be when Jesus was born, or at any other time." We need hardly observe that in this "substance of the doctrine" Tom Paine was a firm, and even enthusiastic believer, though he tells us he "revolted" at Christianity. In the same way belief in the "Day of Judgment" merely means that "we shall be tried on principles intelligible, humane, and just"; belief in eternal punishment means belief "in penalty proportioned to guilt"; and the resurrection of the body means "the immortality of the soul." The same powerful solvent of distinction is to be applied to all other creeds and doctrines, and notably to "the Trinity, the Atonement, the authority of the Bible, justification by faith, and the Sacraments." Happily want of space, or perhaps some latent instinct of reverence or good taste, has withheld the magician in this case from repeating the transformation scene before our eyes. He adds however, before quitting this part of the subject, one very important rider—namely, that each successive age must rediscover for itself what is form and what is substance, and thus even the meagre doctrinal residuum left for this generation may evaporate in the next. The "substance" e.g. of the immortality of the soul may be discovered by our children to be simply the perpetuity of the race, and "a stream of tendency" may be the residuary substance of theism. There is indeed a geographical as well as a chronological variation here; "a form of doctrine, outgrown in London and requiring re-statement may still be current coin in Wales." The bodily resurrection may for the present remain true for Welsh miners, though it requires substantial "re-statement" for the denizens of Belgravian drawing-rooms.

Once again we thought the magician's task was done. He has provided a dissolving medium by which creeds and doctrines may be transmuted into their opposites as readily as ever the old alchemists hoped to transmute all things into gold. But yet he is not quite satisfied. Facts are stubborn things, and from the midst of these pleasant theories *surgit amari aliquid* in the shape of the Prayer-book, with its obsolete dogmas not yet "re-stated," and the clergyman has to read it. And thus the old difficulty crops up again, "How shall we face in the reading desk the old wording?" The late Bishop Hinds, if we recollect rightly, published a pamphlet in his old age—as did Lord Amberley in his youth—arguing that if a benefited clergyman became a convinced atheist, he not only was not bound to resign his preferment, but was bound to keep it and preach his new convictions from the pulpit. Whether Mr. Haweis would go quite that length we cannot say. What he tells us is that the Broad Churchman should inform his bishop, at ordination, and his congregation afterwards, that by the resurrection of the body he means the immortality of the soul, and that he unfeignedly believes all the canonical Scriptures in the same sense as he unfeignedly believes in all the British Museum. Nor will they have any reason to be surprised at the explanation:—

Let us compare small things with great. In daily life every one makes reservations which most people understand. A man was never so surprised in his life, when he has been as much surprised scores of times. Another signs himself your most obedient servant, whilst refusing everything you ask. Another is not at home, and nods to you out of the window. Reservations which your servant can understand you can understand; and reservations which a clergyman can understand a congregation can understand, if they are properly explained. The illustration is trivial, but the principle is important.

It is important enough certainly, if it means that the most fundamental doctrines of Christianity need only be considered true by those who are solemnly pledged to teach them in the same sense as a

man may be truly said to be "not at home" when he is too busy to receive visitors. With this almost unlimited freedom already secured to him one hardly sees why our ideal Broad Churchman should ask for more. And it must be allowed that, compared with what he already claims, the writer's fresh demands are insignificant, with the exception of the last, and that he had a few pages before claimed to possess now. He desires "no alteration in the Prayer-book, merely additional rubrics, optional forms, and optional omissions," to spare him, we presume, the trivial but gratuitous inconvenience of "facing in the reading-desk" what he is about to contradict—we mean "re-state"—in the pulpit. The new demands are thus tabulated:—

Repeal of the Act of Uniformity (which only dates from 1662, and is already widely neglected).

Abolition of subscription (unknown to the early Church, and which, under the Act of 1865, is almost a dead letter).

Relegation of certain creeds which do not stimulate devotion to manuals of instruction.

Optional use of alternative forms in both sacramental services.

Optional omissions in other services.

Optional selection of prescribed lessons.

Additional qualifying and liberating rubrics.

And lastly, that *freedom of re-statement* in the pulpit which would naturally follow from these concessions.

Let it not however for a moment be imagined that these claims and demands are propounded in the interests of a party, though it be, as the writer intimates with that exquisite modesty characteristic of his school, the party which has an unquestioned monopoly of enlightenment and love of truth. "Spiritual edification" is the keynote of Evangelicals, and "Sacramental order" of High Churchmen; "the Liberal keynote is neither; it is Truth." But the interests, if not the survival, of the Church herself are at stake. "She can ill bear the strain of these prosecutions for ritual, popular with the emotional; and heresy, dear to the enlightened." She must become so "wide and simple in general affirmations," so "elastic in ritual," so "fearless and honest" in teaching that besides "her noble breadth and sympathy" the narrowness and bigotry of sects shall wither away, and the whole nation be embraced once more in "the National Fold." It is truly a charming vision, but there is one little hitch about its realization which the writer's ardour of Liberal enthusiasm has led him to overlook. Granted that he and his friends have, as he repeatedly assures us, all the "Truth"—with a big T—to themselves; still there are a large number, probably a large majority, of believers in the Church of England, and in most other Christian Communions, who cherish a warm attachment—bigoted and narrow, if you please—to the "form" as well as the "substance" of the particular truths they have been taught to prize, and are not yet "enlightened" enough to be willing to see them thrown into the smelting pot of the Broad Church alchemist. They are apt to be suspicious of "re-statement," as old-fashioned moralists were suspicious of the Jesuit *distinguerendum*, and are rather offended than edified at the novel spectacle of Agnosticism masquerading in a surplice. No doubt they are behind the age. But, as Mr. Haweis himself reminds us, in italics, "*we must be left free to grapple with facts*," and these retrograde religionists are a palpable and obtrusive fact. We are afraid they would not quite appreciate the Church of the Future which is to embrace every one in its comprehensive arms, and while all the generalities and elasticities and sympathies were flying in freely at the open windows of the great National Pantheon, the vulgar and inelastic multitude of national believers would be trooping out of the door. "The past policy of exclusion and excision is suicidal." Be it so, but suppose the result of the modern policy of universal comprehension should be to create a solitude and call it peace.

VALENTINES.

PERHAPS the old manner of choosing valentines is not less worthy of restoration than a good many other things for the restoration of which a passion seems to exist. Our modern valentines are dull and mechanical, purchased articles, little better than Christmas cards. The expensive valentines are gaudy chromolithographic objects, fluttering in a fuzz of paper-lace. The humorous valentines, as a rule, carry personal satire up to Fescennine limits. By careful investigations in the back streets and slums, a collector will learn much of the popular taste in airy banter. He will find that the charge of monstrous ugliness is quite compatible with that of moral obliquity and conjugal infidelity. In short, there is not much, either of sentiment or of sport, to be got out of the modern manufactured valentine. Some amusement has, indeed, been derived, on an historical occasion, by the despatch of two hundred valentines at once to a Cabinet Minister. This is not a joke to be played twice. Besides, we learn from the papers that Mr. Gladstone's letters are now opened by his private secretary. This is discouraging, both to malignants who would like to send explosive epistles, and to admirers who find their best expression in "hamatory song." The old custom of valentines was much more diverting, and offered occasions for flirtation, and for the display of a generous disposition. Ladies and gentlemen would sup together; their names were then written out on scraps of paper, and were placed in two bags. The ladies drew at random out of the men's bag, and the men obtained the valentine that fate allotted from the bag of the women. Then the papers, as in Papal

elections, were thrown into the fire. On this topic the author of *The Rescue* (1672) wrote appropriate verses "To Mrs. D. C.," whose name being left after drawing valentines, and cast into the fire, was snatched out—

I, like the Angel, did aspire
Your Name to rescue from the fire.
My zeal succeeded for your name,
But I, alas, caught all the flame!
A meener offering thus sufficed,
And Isaac was not sacrificed.

This was a good beginning, and the interchange of verses and gallantries went on through the year. From a passage in *Pepys's Diary*, it seems that another custom was sometimes followed. The lady who first saluted a man in the morning of St. Valentine's Day was his Valentine. This appears to have been the manner in Scotland, if Sir Walter is right in his description of the wooing of the Fair Maid of Perth and of Hal of the Wynd. A more notable example is Ophelia's song, especially if we read,

Good-morrow, 'tis St. Valentine's day,
All in the morn betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine.

An early meeting between Valentines seems to have been an essential part of the arrangement. Thus Pepys writes (February 14, 1665):—"This morning comes betimes Dicke Pen to be my wife's Valentine, and came to our bedside. By the same token I had him brought to my side, thinking to have made him kiss me; but he perceived me and would not; so went up to his Valentine; a notable, stout, witty boy." Pepys seems to have preferred small boys as Valentines for that lovely toast, Mrs. Pepys. Perhaps fortune favoured him in the drawing. On Valentine's Day, 1666, he writes:—"This morning came up to my wife's bedside, I being up dressing myself, little Will Mercer to be her Valentine, and brought her name writ upon blue paper in gold letters, done by himself, very pretty; and we were both well pleased with it. But," adds careful Pepys, "I am also this year my wife's Valentine, and it will cost me 5*l.*; but that I must have laid out if we had not been Valentines." Thus the money's worth was kept in the family. It seems, from an entry in 1667, that Pepys was to be his wife's Valentine every year, with no prejudice to other Valentines on both sides. In 1667 he found this favour "likely to cost 4*l.* or 5*l.* in a ring for her, which she desires." Gay says that among country people the first acquaintance of the opposite sex met on St. Valentine's Day was the destined swain or nymph:—

Thou first I spied, and the first swain we see,
In spite of Fortune, shall our true love be.

Speaking of presents, the learned Moresinus avers that the women receive them from the men. But in canny Scotland the presents were reciprocal. Brand quotes from the *Connoisseur* an odd piece of folk-lore. A lady is the speaker, and she describes how, on Valentine's eve, she pinned four bay leaves to the corners of her pillow, and one to the middle, and all that she might dream of her lover. Nor was this her only sleight of magic. She boiled an egg hard, took out the yolk, filled the hollow with salt, and devoured the egg, shell and all. She then went to bed in solemn silence, dreamed of Mr. Blossom, and, sure enough, drew that favoured swain for her Valentine. Herrick, not usually a purist, seems, very unreasonably, to have limited the privileges of Valentines to unmarried girls. Thus he writes of a bride:—

She must no more a-maying,
Nor by Rose-buds divine
Who'll be her Valentine.

What pretty poetical customs, and how merry an England that was in which they flourished! Now we divine not by rose-buds, but, at most, buy flimsy cards or French sweetmeats. Now we never go a-maying; and, indeed, only the most hardy would be capable of such exercises, and they must needs be dressed in ulsters and sealskin raiment.

Valentines seem to be pre-eminently an English custom. We have never observed the usual decorative love-letters in the stationers' windows in France at this season of the year. The "love-divinations" which used to be practised on the Continent at Advent had nothing to do with St. Valentine, and rather corresponded to our practices at Candlemas. Misson, when he described our old habit of drawing Valentines, seems to have regarded it as a custom peculiar to England and Scotland. "Les Valentins donnent Bals et Cadeaux, portent pendant plusieurs jours sur le cœur ou sur la manche les billets de leur Valentines, et asez souvent l'amour s'y boute."

The origin of the custom of St. Valentine's Day would be more easy to discover if we had means of tracing the rites over a wider area. As a rule, it may be said that popular festivals are older than the rise of the great mythological religions, those of Greece and Rome. They were adopted by the Olympian rituals, and, once more, were adopted by the Catholic Church. Christmas, and the Summer Solstice, and All Souls' Day are honoured among savages, and were honoured by the civilized ancients with rites which still survive. But we have no such guides to the significance of St. Valentine's feast. Wheatley observes, and we have no reason to dispute his evidence, that "St. Valentine was a man of most admirable parts." He was also famed for his "love and charity": but these qualities have no obvious connexion with an old English custom. Bishop Hall attributes to St. Valentine singular chastity; "Valentine's self, or some as chaste as he." Thus it is rather odd that St. Valentine's feast should almost coin-

cide with that of Faunus in the Roman Calendar. Faunus, according to Ovid, was a rather licentious god. The poet, however, in the *Fasts*, mentions no Roman observances on the feast of Faunus which even distantly resemble the innocent mirth of the day of St. Valentine. Perhaps the Folk Lore Society may be able to throw some light on a somewhat difficult subject, which, to the best of our knowledge, has never been properly investigated. The author of some verses prefixed to a little pamphlet, "Ye Old Style Valentines" (Falkner and Son, Manchester), says that

The custom rules, which had its birth
In Roman times.—They cast by lot,
That each might know the maid he'd got.

But this is not evidence, and we do not know where the evidence is to be found. Probably the Fathers, who generally rail at all pleasant old "heathen" customs, have something to say on the subject. But the Fathers were rather copious writers, and we have not time to investigate their many and meritorious productions.

The publication of Messrs. Falkner contains some pretty lines from our old writers, which might be adopted by lusty Valentines whom the gods have not made poetical, even in the measure of Sam Weller. Thus Drayton writes (and who is to better Drayton?):—

Each little bird this tide
Doth choose her loved peer,
Which constantly abide
In wedlock all the year;
As Nature is their guide,
So may we two be true
This year, nor change for new,
As turtles coupled were.

Drayton also

Laughs at them that choose
Their Valentines by lot.

But we hardly believe that the lots were fairly dealt. Too much was at stake, and love goes so often by cross purposes, that the old wooers, if it was at all in their power to correct fortune, would not have given him this chance. The prettiest, we think, of all valentines is that by Donne, which rivals the bird's own music:—

Hail, Bishop Valentine! whose day this is;
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choicesters
And other birds are thy parishioners:
Thou marryest every year
The lyric lark, and the grave whispering dove;
The sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The household bird with the red stomacher;
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon
As doth the goldfinch or the halycon—
This day, more cheerfully than ever shine,
This day, which might inflame thyself, old Valentine!

Were the old springs warmer than ours, or is it only that the hearts of the people were less easily chilled, and they foresaw the summer before the daffodils come, and while the snow is still at war with the snowdrop? February seems cold weather for wooing, and the ingenious novelist is right who holds that August is the dangerous month, and that love "waxes cold" with October, and dies when the hunting-season has fairly begun. Are there no maids and bachelors to revive the old customs, with the old furniture and faded colours, and to revere, with verses and posies, that "saint of admirable parts, and singular love and charity, St. Valentine"? Probably the custom in its right form is obsolete now; but some thought it obsolete in 1660, yet it long survived that year of grace.

GREEK WIT.

IN whatever terms we frame the definition of wit, it must, we think, be accepted that in no nation has the possession of the quality of wit enjoyed such just fame as in ancient Greece, and our opinion is supported by reference to a small brochure of one hundred and twenty pages, comprising some four hundred sayings, *bons mots*, and *ana*, put forth by one of our most eminent Greek scholars, Mr. Paley. These have been collected by him, put together with as much abbreviation as was practicable in the course of reading, and accommodated to the perusal of general readers with some taste for scholarship, so as to introduce them to a field little traversed in school reading.

A good many of the best anecdotes are referable to Ælian's *Varia Historia*, in fourteen books, the work of a Roman of Hadrian's date who was, however, keenly fond of the Greeks and Greek literature and oratory. To him we owe a saying of Themistocles, that "if some one were to show me two roads, the one leading to the devil and the other to Parliament, I would choose the former." Comparing the English of this repartee with the original, we find it nearly literal, and it affords us an opportunity of noting the discrepancy between modern and ancient taste on the appreciation of the pleasantest of clubs. Another gives a saying of Anaxarchus, who ridiculed Alexander the Great's fancy for calling himself a god. The King was ill, and his physician ordered him a pudding. "All the hopes of our god," said Anaxarchus, "lie in this pudding." Another saying is tacked to the name of Plato by the same anecdotist, Ælian, concerning the people of Agrigentum. He observed that they had costly houses and gave costly banquets, and thereupon remarked that they built

as if they were to live for ever, and dined as if they would be dead for ever. According to another version of the same saying we find that one interpretation of the last part of it supposes the Argivites to dine as if they were to die next day. A truly didactic saying is attributed by Ælian to the Spartan magistrates. "When certain persons from Clazomenæ had come to Sparta and smeared with soot the seats on which the Spartan magistrates sat discharging public duties; on discovering what had been done and by whom, they expressed no indignation, but merely ordered a public proclamation to be made, 'Let it be lawful for the people of Clazomenæ to make blackguards of themselves.'" A very large number of apothegms, proverbs, or sayings of more or less wit, occur up and down the collected works of Plutarch, although Schneidewin does not hesitate to attribute these to some impostor usurping his name. At any rate, they are handily classified, and form a bulky addition to Mr. Paley's translated specimens. Here is a brief and bright saying which this writer attaches to King Archelaus, when a talkative barber, trimming his beard, asked him "How shall I cut it?" "In silence," replied the King. The anecdote recalls one of Charles II.'s bragging barbers, who boasted to him he could cut His Majesty's throat when he would—a boast for which he was only dismissed, though for a like rash vaunt, according to Peter Cunningham, the barber of Dionysius was crucified. To return to Plutarch, he tells the following stories, both good in their way, of Philip of Macedon. In passing sentence on two rogues, he ordered one to leave Macedonia with all speed, and the other to try to catch him. No less astute was his query as to a strong position he wished to occupy, which was reported by the scouts to be almost impregnable. "Is there not," he asked, "even a pathway to it wide enough for an ass laden with gold?" Philip, too, according to Plutarch, is entitled to the fatherhood of an adage which retains its ancient fame about "calling a spade a spade." When some Olynthians denounced Philip's courtiers to him as traitors, they were, he said, "rude and illiterate, τὴν σκάρην σκάρην λέγοντας." Another sample of a witty saying from Plutarch's mint is that attributed to Themistocles, that his son was the most powerful man in Greece. "For," said he, "the Athenians rule the Hellenes, I rule the Athenians, your mother rules me, and you rule your mother." We must cite one or two other of the many examples from Plutarch. This is attributed by him to Leotychidas, son of Aristo. "A snake having twined itself round a key, which was declared by the seers to be a portent, Leotychidas remarked, 'It would have been more of a portent if the key had twined itself round a snake.'" Others are connected with ornithology, like the apothegm of one who plucked the feathers from a nightingale, and finding it a very small bird, exclaimed, "You little wretch, you're nothing but voice" (φωνὴ τις ἐστὶ καὶ οὐδὲν ἄλλο); and again, the repartee of a Lacedæmonian to a man of Sparta, who twitted him with being unable to stand as long as himself on one leg. "No!" replied the other; "but any goose can." This *bon mot*, as it is called by Urban Chevreau in his *Ana* (vol. vii., p. 8), is told with reference to persons who set great store on very frivolous accomplishments; but neither in the Greek nor in the translation have we lit upon a reference to evidence of the fact which the repartee seems to assume. "When Demades the orator remarked, that the swords of the Spartans were so short that they could be swallowed by conjurors, Agis the younger king of that name replied, 'We find them quite long enough to reach the enemy.'" Here the wit exerted is of a truly Spartan tenor, but the anecdote of Cleomenes's oath to give the Argives a truce for seven days, and excusing his perfidious slaughter of them in their sleep on the third night—"It was a truce for seven days"—is surely not wit, but subterfuge. Elsewhere, as for example in some extracts from Lucian (we except the extracts from his tract on Demonax), it is not very easy to see the point so clearly as to justify their admission into the area of Greek wit. The story of Hippocleides, the devil-may-care son of Tisandrus, with the remark of Agistrate's father, "O son of Tisandrus, you have danced away your bride"; and the undignified dancer's reckless reply, "Hippocleides don't care," perhaps belong rather to humour than to wit. Others of Mr. Paley's drafts on Herodotus come more easily into the prescribed area. An anecdote of Strabo gives a vivid picture of the clashing of a harper's performances with the sounding of a bell for opening of the fish market. All the audience vanished at once save a little deaf man. The harper expressed himself unutterably flattered at his having resisted the importunity of the bell. "What!" cried the deaf man, "has the fish bell rung? Then I'm off too. Good-by!" One excellent saying from Plutarch has been as yet overlooked. It is tacked on to Peisistratus, one of the most genial figures among the ancients. "When minded to marry again he was dissuaded by his sons, who asked whether 'he was dissatisfied with them.'" Certainly not, my dear fellows," he replied, "I wish to have more like you." In the rare hoard of anecdotes preserved in Athenæus occur many admirable *mots* and witty sayings which have been culled once and again; many also doubtless which have hitherto escaped translation. No Greek scholar needs to be told that a great Aristophanic exercise of wit consists in the figure *παρὰ προδοκίαν*, the surprise of some ludicrous substitution for the idea naturally expected. The lively fish tattle enshrined in the pages of Athenæus abounds in instances of this. Here is one attributed to Theocritus of Chios (another than the Syracusan or Alexandrian idyllist), and addressed by him "to one Diocles, a fish-glutton who had lost his wife and was cramming-in fish at her funeral feast,

whilst at the same time he shed tears." Theocritus said to him—"Weep not, you can do no good by—fish-eating" (Ath. 344 p. B.) Another story occurs to us, which we may quote in illustration, of a wit who, when told that the "ray" was a good fish, said, "Yes; about as good as if a man were to eat a boiled cloak." The name of Stobæus recalls to us another famous collector of valuable and instructive sayings, whose date is uncertain, but probably later than that of Hjerocles; it is also pretty certain that he was a heathen. Of his two works, the *Eclogæ* and the *Florilegium*, the latter has been of great service to modern anecdotists. From the tenor of many of the stories we are led to accept the account that he compiled them for the guidance of his son. A thief excused himself to Demosthenes by saying, "I did not know it was yours." "But you did know," said the other, "that it was not yours." Another records that Simonides used to say "he never once regretted having held his tongue, but very often he had felt sorry for having spoken." According to the same collector, Zeno held the same teaching from experience when he said to a talkative youth, "Young man, nature gave us one tongue, but two ears, that we may hear just twice as much as we speak."

Since we have expressed, under some reserve, an opinion that much that is preserved in Lucian is hardly to be classed as Greek wit, it is but fitting to cite one or two exceptions. Here is one from his treatise "De Saltatu," ii. p. 309, which presents two witty apophorems. The people of Antioch were in the habit of criticizing the personal appearance of the actors on the stage. When a short man came on to act the part of Hector, the audience called out, "Where's Hector? You are only the boy Astyanax!" When a very tall one was to play the part of Capaneus scaling the wall of Thebes, they exclaimed, "Step in! Never mind the ladder." In his *Life of Demonax* the same famous satirist and humourist tells succinctly how Demonax, when a sorcerer boasted that he could, by his potent charms, make people give him just what he liked, said, "Follow me; I have one simple charm that will do as much as any of yours." Going to a baker's shop, he produced a penny, and said, "Give me a loaf." Ridiculing the pedantry of such as affect archaic words, Lucian makes this same Demonax say to one who was guilty of so doing, "I asked you, my friend, a question in the language of the day, and you answer it as Agamemnon would have done." But a mine of wit still lies in divers other collections, hardly yet unearthed so as to be *publici juris*.

THE REVOLVER AGE.

IT has always pleased historians of the picturesque kind to divide the periods of history in some more striking manner than by humdrum numerals. We beg to suggest to the next historian of this kidney the title of this article as a neat and appropriate designation for the last quarter of the nineteenth century. There are mysteries in it of the most profitable kind to the devout explorer; the mechanical perfection and practical inefficiency of the revolver, its capacity of "making all men alike tall," or rather short, its unheroic character, &c. &c., all offering texts for improvement by the expositor. But at present we do not speak tropically, but literally. In *Tiberim defluit Orontes*; the Ohio and the Mississippi have made a junction with the Thames, and the shops and pockets of London overflow with revolvers. A peaceable Londoner of thirty years ago would have been aghast at the stacks of little boxes containing Deringers, the artlessly strewn piles of "bulldogs" which offer themselves to him now in the public streets. There was a time when a single "Colt" in a gunsmith's window was something for a lounge with nothing to do to stop and gaze at; now the weapons of this kind lie heaped, like currants or a new importation of the finest Taftlat dates, in every twentieth shop or so. Neither can it be said that it is a mere idle display. The mild Londoner of ancient days who has just been described walks down a secluded street in St. John's Wood, and he learns that a young person "foolin' around" with a plaything of this sort has shot herself. To settle his nerves, he enters what a French traveller once described, with politeness and truth, as "those *cafés* of London, whose decorations are violent, whose accommodation is insufficient, and whose consummations afflict the throat with a singular thirst"; and, as he enters, a salvo of revolver bullets greets him. He seeks the western quarters of the town, and a still more interesting sight is to be seen. From a stately mansion there bounds a burglar, pursued by a fair damsel in the garb of servitude. Several policemen and a postman chase the burglar, even as Thompson of Angel's was chased by the Bald-Headed Snipe of the Valley. But the parts on this occasion are reversed. The Bald-Headed Snipe "ran and occasionally shot"; the policemen and the postman run, and occasionally are shot at. Two revolvers grace the person of the burglar, and, having disabled his pursuers, he seeks the shelter of the unfinished house so dear to burglars, and is seen no more, except dimly, and in a legendary manner, buying hats in Portland Road, and demanding to be driven to finish the day at the Grecian Theatre. If the frightened spectator flies from the capital of England to that of Scotland, a remarkable variation of the same scene meets him between Edinburgh and Leith; while, as for the third metropolis of the United Kingdom, it need hardly be said that in Dublin the revolver is the usual accompaniment of the breakfast-table and the bedroom to sleeping and waking man and woman. The revolver *pernoctat* with the Irish gentleman, *peregrinatur*, *rusticatur*,

especially *rusticator*. If he is wise, he is followed by a servant with a double-barrelled gun; Winchester repeaters lie on his table, and for carriage company a carbine smooth-bored and loaded with buck-shot is believed to be a superior protection. But the revolver is, as it were, additional to all these. What with Land Leaguers in Ireland, footpads in Scotland, and burglars in England, the gun-makers of Her Majesty's dominions ought to be driving a roaring trade.

The Cromwell Road burglary is perhaps chiefly remarkable because of the number of the weapons which the evasive burglar carried. Its circumstances *qua* burglary were familiar to the attentive student of the burglarious art. A neighbourhood where inhabited and uninhabited houses are arranged after the fashion of streaky bacon, and where yet other houses in an unfinished state occur, is the burglar's paradise. The uninhabited house is for him not merely a place of rest and meditation, but the easiest and safest mode of entrance to the inhabited house. The unfinished dwelling is a refuge, a kind of Malepartus in which Reynard defies his enemies. The unfinished house or carcass is a delight to burglars and to boys, but a fearful place of traps to the hasty pursuer. Its rooms, floorless or furnished only with some narrow strip of floor with a yawning precipice beside it; its stairs, non-existent or unramparted, and all its other mysteries, are puerile to the expert, but likely to bring the rash intruder to complete grief. The valour of Lady Harberton's housemaid—for it seems that it was a housemaid, and not the more experienced and generally elder cook—is pleasant, but not wholly novel. That several unarmed policemen—on the principle of an aged but noble-minded constable in the Channel Islands, who once remarked, "Ce n'est pas la force, monsieur; c'est l'autorité"—should be set to catch a very well-armed burglar, is also an old story, and as for the postman, his probable fate is nothing new. In the ordinary course of British officialism that postman, having obeyed the immemorial duty imposed on all Her Majesty's subjects, of assisting in thief-catching at the risk of his life and the loss of his blood, will have his pay stopped while he is in hospital, will be reprimanded for absence, and perhaps fined for not having completed his delivery. We say in the ordinary course, for it is possible that Mr. Fawcett may prevent things taking this turn. But what is really new is the apparition of the two-revolvered burglar. Samurai with two swords all men know, and there was a period when the British sailor, out of the spoils of Frenchmen and Spaniards, invariably carried two watches, which in a frolic he occasionally fried because of their likeness to eggs. But two revolvers are something new; even one is a comparatively recent addition to the equipment of the complete burglar. It is not known whether before the days of the late Mr. Peace any one had thought of attaching the weapon by a strap to the wrist that so the hands might be free, and the pistol always available. Perhaps Peace invented the strap. But even that departed hero is not recorded to have armed himself with the Circassian luxury of two revolvers. Probably some rival of the hatless theatre-goer of the Grecian will now perform his works, his daily tasks of burglary, with three, and so by degrees we shall return to the days when, on the authority of *The Pirate*, gentlemen of another branch of the profession suspended pistols by pairs, and almost dozens, about their manly frames, in sashes and scarves of elegant pattern. As there must be many burglars in London, this will be a great set-off to the present dull uniformity of masculine habit, and will improve the appearance of the streets not a little.

The first impulse of the householder is, of course, to go and do likewise, and he has been known in the last few days to take counsel with his friends on the best method of arming. A cursory allusion has already been made to differences of opinion as to the best armament for a threatened man of peace. Some authorities recommend the old-fashioned duelling-pistol, single or double, loaded also on the old-fashioned principle, with loose powder, a wad—pierced and plugged with more powder say the very cunning ones—and plenty of rather large shot, or one leaden bolus of the old ounce-of-lead pattern. For the mere purposes of annihilating the burglar, there can be no doubt that this would be most effective, while for the purpose of disabling him at a distance, the Irish plan of double-barrelled carbines or shot-guns is commendable. But those whose nerves are not heroically strung see more safety in the multiplied resources supplied by the revolver, as well as more merit in its handiness, cheapness, and so forth. Perhaps they are not wholly wise. Most revolvers from their extreme shortness of barrel and want of equipoise are very difficult to shoot straight with; the copper cartridges usually supplied for them have but little range and less penetration, and the very number of reserve shots is, as expert students of military history and human nature know, likely to encourage wild firing. Besides, there are revolvers and revolvers, and many of those commonly sold are instruments probably useless and certainly dangerous. Belgian and American gunmakers have for many years turned out these things at a surprisingly low price, and probably Birmingham has not been far behind. Now a cheap revolver can by no means be a good one. The mechanism requires to be carefully made and of good material, while most of the best movements and actions are protected by patent. It was said by an expert in a recent trial—when, as it was thought, murder, but, as it appeared, probably unintentional suicide, had resulted from the before-mentioned "foolin' around" with these awkward toys—that some revolvers are so flimsily adjusted and so badly poised that, in the mere holding of them by an unskilled person, the drag on the

hand might set the trigger free. Besides this, cheap revolvers are always jamming, while, weak as the charges usually are, the breech-piece not unfrequently proves insufficient to resist it. If, therefore, any one determines to procure a revolver for the use of himself or his housemaid—this could not be regarded as a badge of slavery like the once-hated cap, because toy revolvers appended to châtélaines are by no means unknown ornaments, though very ugly ones—it is suggested to him that he should get a good one, that he should have himself moderately instructed in the use of it, and that, above all, he should keep it well out of the way of others.

After all, however, the simultaneous girding of revolvers to all sides is a thing by no means to be wished. It is clear that, if burglars take to them—as in all seriousness they seem to have done—the police must be armed with some weapon more effective than the truncheon. This might be the heavily-shod staff which has been suggested, and has been actually tried with good effect in Liverpool. In some cases it would almost certainly have to be the revolver. To make a fuss about an "armed police" is nonsense. If a policeman can be trusted with a truncheon, he can be trusted with a revolver, and the dangerous part of him to the public is not his pistol or his truncheon, but his tongue. But Sir William Harcourt's answer in the House of Commons the other night seems to show that the Government are seriously thinking of taking some steps to put down the revolver in the case of "civilians." As everybody knows, a good many suggestions have been made, such as a stamp duty on revolvers, a licence duty for carrying them, or even a positive prohibition of them in public places without good cause shown. These and other suggestions are excellent in intention, but a little difficult to carry out. The revolver is in its nature a pocket instrument; and a compulsory searching of all pockets, say at 12 o'clock every day, would be costly and difficult in the first place, and might be unpopular in the second. Probably the imposition of penal servitude for life on every burglar found armed with firearms, whether he used them or not, and of a heavy penalty on any one using revolvers in a public place, whether harm came of it or not, might have some effect. Meanwhile, there is somewhere about a Crested—though at one time hatless—Jay Hawk of the Mountains, who has two revolvers, and is a very good shot while he runs. With a view to him Sir Edmund Henderson repeats the plaintive cry, "Look to your fastenings." He does not say "Look to your revolvers"; nor, on the whole, do we feel inclined to say so, though it may be admitted to be scarcely fair that a policeman with a truncheon, or a householder with a hair-brush, should be expected to meet as on equal terms a burglar with a Colt's double-action, self-extracting .380, or an Irish Constabulary "bulldog."

LA PRINCESSE DE BAGDAD AT THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE.

SINCE the production of *Daniel Rochat* last spring, the Comédie Française has been content with one novelty and one revival—exclusive of the brilliant performances of *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme* and *L'improvisu de Versailles*, on the occasion of the two hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the theatre. The novelty was an ambitious one—a five-act play in verse, called *Garin*, by an untried author, M. Paul Delair. We have no space for a detailed account of this production, which had only a limited success. The revival was the play by M. Vacquerie mentioned above, *Jean Baudry*, originally acted in 1863. Had the title been "A Spoilt Child," the object of the four acts of this tiresome piece would have been exactly described; for the author has set himself to portray the humours of a certain Olivier, one of the most disagreeable persons that can be imagined, whom Jean Baudry, out of pure benevolence, has taken into his house and educated. The ill-tempered, self-conscious youth is played with extraordinary skill by M. Worms; and M. Got throws all his usual ability into the character of the mistaken philanthropist, Jean Baudry. No talent, however, could make such a piece interesting; and we wonder that it was thought worthy of reproduction while hundreds of far better plays, old and new, remain unperformed. There was at one time some thought of playing *La Moabite*, a biblical drama, by M. Paul Deroulède, whose fine play *L'Hermann* was successful at the Odéon a short time ago; but, after the piece had been accepted, the author received an intimation that he would do well to withdraw it. M. Deroulède prides himself on being at once a Liberal and a Christian, and would have us believe that his opinions were distasteful to some who hold high political offices. It has been whispered—and we have reason to believe with absolute truth—that it was rejected in favour of *Jean Baudry* in order to please the most advanced section of Republicans. From what we have already said, it will have been seen that this miserable piece of time-serving has met with its just reward. *Jean Baudry* has been unsuccessful; and the theatre has lost the credit of producing a piece which had sterling merit, though it might not have pleased everybody.

At last, however, a novelty has made its appearance. M. Alexandre Dumas has produced what we may term, in the language of science, a pathological, or even a teratological, drama; for it deals with the morbid mental condition of three persons, who are all utterly abnormal. The piece, which is in three short acts, is called *La Princesse de Bagdad*, in reference to a name which has been given to the heroine in a certain

set, in order to indicate discreetly the fact that she is of royal descent. Scandal, in the person of an old, and for once well-informed and accurate, *roué*, called Godler, admirably acted by M. Thiron, records that her father came to Paris in 1853, when he was Crown Prince; that there he fell in love with the pretty and not too scrupulous daughter of a shopkeeper, who was hastily married to a complaisant nobleman, the Marquis de Quansas, to conceal the royal indiscretion. The scene in which these secrets are communicated by Godler to a young friend, M. Trévelé, is one of the most brilliant that M. Dumas has ever written. The dialogue, sparkling with wit, and barbed with malice, derives additional point from being spoken in the house of the Princess herself, where there is thunder in the air; and the interlocutors, though they affect to be intimate friends of herself and her husband, are really exulting over the impending catastrophe, and pause every now and then to rally each other on personal peculiarities and piquant details, like medical students at a post-mortem examination. For the Princess, Mlle. Lionnette de Quansas, had made a love-match with the Count Jean de Hun, seven years before the piece begins. They have one child, a boy. Her extravagance has ruined them, and the curtain rises on an explanation of the pecuniary situation given to the Count by his man of business. They owe, or rather she owes, 1,107,127 francs 52 centimes, to defray which the only visible asset is the value of their house, some 800,000 francs. There is, however, one way of obtaining a sum which, if added to this, would pay everybody. Her father had promised her 1,500,000 francs, which were to be remitted to her after his death by a certain Baroness Spadetta. Two millions were left to this lady by will, with the following note:—"I am certain that Mme. de Spadetta will make good use of this money." Her own view of the bequest was that she should keep the whole herself; in consequence of which resolution Lionnette and she had quarrelled. After a while, however, she proposed to Lionnette to accept 500,000 francs, on condition of returning all her father's letters. Lionnette, with characteristic vehemence, had scornfully declined the bargain. The lawyer, M. Richard, asks why she attaches such importance to these letters:—

LIONNETTE.

Voas le demandez, Monsieur Richard? Pourquoi tient-on aux lettres d'un père qu'on aimait, qui vous aimait, qui était l'homme qu'était mon père et qui est mort?

RICHARD.

Qu'est-ce que vous comptez en faire?

LIONNETTE.

Les garder, les relire, comme cela m'arrive de temps en temps, lorsque les vivants m'ennuient ou me dégoûtent; et quand je mourrai, les emporter avec moi pour les lui rendre, à lui, s'il est vrai qu'on se retrouve dans la mort quand on s'est aimé dans la vie. Qui sait? après avoir été si puissant sur la terre, il n'aura peut-être que moi au ciel; il faut bien que je garde quelque chose pour me faire reconnaître—là haut—puisque'il n'a pas pu me reconnaître ici-bas.

JEAN à Richard.

Comment ne pas adorer cette femme-là. (Il lui prend la tête dans les mains et lui baise les cheveux.) Tiens... tiens.

RICHARD, prenant le main de Lionnette.

Le fait est qu'elle a de la race, et qu'on vous a bien nommée en vous nommant Lionnette—petite lionne—mais malheureusement ce n'est pas avec ça qu'on paie les créanciers, et je vous ai offert le seul moyen qui vous reste.

LIONNETTE.

Dieu a donné, Dieu donnera; s'il n'y pense pas, au petit bonheur.

In the lawyer's last speech the clue is given to the complex nature of the Countess; she has inherited a royal nobility from her father; reckless extravagance from her mother. After the scene of which we have quoted a passage the Count and Countess are joined by their guests, Godler, Trévelé, and Nourvady, all somewhat disconcerted by the introduction of business into a social gathering. Nourvady, a man of boundless wealth, takes an opportunity when the Countess is alone for a moment to walk up to her, and calmly and quietly to inform her that she is ruined; that he loves her; and that he has bought and furnished for her a certain house in the Champs Elysées, which she can take possession of at any moment. In a cabinet there she will find the title-deeds; and on a table a casket containing a million in gold—"frappé exprès pour vous; c'est de l'or vierge, tel que doit être l'or que vos petites mains daigneraient toucher." This inventory of the advantages of the proposed residence being terminated, he hands the lady the key of the back door, with the further assurance that he will pass the whole of the following day there. Her only reply is to throw the key contemptuously out of window, and she passes Nourvady to join her other guests. Her husband, however, has learnt from the lawyer that all her debts have been paid by the mysterious millionaire, whose attentions to his wife he had already noticed, and in a scene of the utmost violence of language and gesture he accuses her of being Nourvady's mistress. "Imbécile!" she exclaims as the curtain falls. The next act takes place in the house that Nourvady has purchased for Lionnette. The stage is empty when the curtain rises; but presently Lionnette enters, closely veiled. She has come to ask Nourvady, whom she dares not invite to her own house, his reasons for thus dishonouring her—an innocent woman—in her husband's eyes; at least, this seems to be the only possible explanation of a step that, on the conditions laid down by the dramatist, appears to us almost inexplicable. The scene that follows is one of those strange exhibitions of abnormal passion that are so characteristic of M. Dumas's later plays. Nourvady admits that his course of action has been deliberately adopted, as much from hatred of the husband

as from love of the lady. He is a skillful duellist, and hopes to kill the Count in the meeting which he knows to be inevitable; but, in the event of a contrary result, he has made a will, by which he leaves his millions to the son of the Count and Countess, whom he protests that he hates nearly as much as his father, because he is the living proof of the love that the Count had felt for his wife. Can any refinements of hatred be imagined more cruel or more diabolical? Lionnette walks to the casket that contains the gold, opens it, and, as she turns over the glittering hoard with which it is brimming over, speaks a very curious and characteristic tirade which is too long for quotation. While she is still speaking a loud knocking at the door is heard, with a demand to open in the name of the law. Lionnette, looking out of the window, sees her husband, accompanied by the police. She at once comprehends the situation. Nourvady bids her conceal herself. Indignant at the odious interpretation which she knows will be put upon her presence in that house with him, she not only refuses to move, but tears off her veil, lets her hair fall over her shoulders, and standing thus in an attitude in which her husband had declared she was most beautiful, demands of Nourvady, in her desperation, if he really loves her. He, with passion equal to hers, protests the sincerity of his love, while the blows, directed by her husband's orders, whose voice is heard without, redouble on the door. To her lover's appeal "Dites moi que vous m'aimez," she answers despairingly. "Hé! oui! Je vous aime, puisque'il le veut," as the door gives way and Jean enters, attended by the Commissaire de Police, whom he has brought with him to prove the fact of his dishonour. The scene that ensues is easy to imagine, though the brutal frankness of the language may never before have been equalled on the stage. Lionnette, seated on the couch in the centre of the room, in an attitude of defiance, first declares that she is in her own house, and that therefore no one has the right to find fault with her—in proof of which statement she signs the title-deeds which the officer finds in the cabinet; and, secondly, that her husband's worst suspicions are true, witness the gold on the table, some of which she suggests that he had better appropriate.

The end of this act is cleverly managed. The officer dismisses first Nourvady, then Lionnette, and lastly Jean, advising the latter not to be seen leaving the house in his company, because "Les Français n'aiment pas les maris qui font surprendre leurs femmes par le commissaire de police." The third act takes place in the afternoon of the same day, in the house of the Count. In the opening scene we find him explaining his conduct of the morning to Godler and Trévelé; or rather trying to do so, for we find his reasoning the reverse of conclusive. It was possibly the author's intention to show that his conduct did not admit of defence. To him enters his lawyer, M. Richard, who explains that the Countess has returned home, and that the whole affair remains secret—a statement surprising enough to an audience who had been informed in the preceding act that a great crowd had gathered round Nourvady's house, attracted by the spectacle of a forcible entry on the part of the police. The lawyer, intent on setting matters right, has next an interview with Lionnette, who is preparing in her despair to fling herself helplessly and hopelessly into the arms of a man whom she despises, only to get away from another whom she despises equally, if not more. He tries to induce her to see her child, but she refuses; and, though he can see that she is disguising her real feelings, he cannot shake her resolution. While they are still speaking, Nourvady comes to fetch her, as coolly as though he were paying an innocent morning call. Lionnette, resolved to carry out her destiny, puts on her bonnet, and is about to go away with Nourvady, when little Raoul comes in. A pretty scene ensues of fondness on his part, and affected indifference on hers, which Nourvady contemplates with growing excitement. At last, when the child has placed himself in front of his mother, and tells her that she shall not go away from him, Nourvady loses all patience, and pushes the child aside so roughly that he is thrown violently to the ground. Lionnette—the one good passion in her heart aroused at last—hurls herself upon Nourvady, whom she seizes by the throat, as though she would strangle him, exclaiming, "Misérable! misérable! partez! partez!" Leaving him, she flings herself down beside her child, in a passion of repentance, as M. Richard enters. The astute and kindly lawyer, seeing that his introduction of Raoul at the critical moment has had the desired effect, bids Nourvady take himself off, a bidding which that worthless person obeys with much precipitation, leaving Lionnette still weeping over her child, who is more frightened than hurt. Reassured as to his condition, she sends M. Richard for her husband, of whom she begs forgiveness, and the lawyer sums up the whole situation in a sentence:—"Un cri d'enfant! cela suffit. Quand tout est bien désespéré, Dieu a de ces moyens-là." And so the curtain falls, leaving the audience to ask various questions. How did the Comte and Comtesse de Hun get on afterwards? did the Count call on M. Nourvady? what was the result of the duel? what became of the "million en or vierge," and of the remaining thirty-nine of the forty that he was said to possess? what did "society" say of the Count, who got his wife's debts paid by a stranger? These and various other problems equally perplexing remain unsolved.

The position of M. Dumas in the world of letters has made us analyse at length his latest production, for which, however, we find it difficult to say one word of commendation, or even of excuse. Immoral it is not; vice, in the person of M. Nourvady, is the reverse of attractive; no one can sympathize with Lionnette in her excursion to the brink of a moral precipice, and the husband is so

colourless that he is hardly worth notice; but as a picture of contemporary society (which it professes to be) it is a coarse and vulgar daub. No doubt the author will presently publish an elaborate preface or pamphlet, in which he will demonstrate that *La Princesse de Bagdad* is animated by a high moral purpose, which the public are too blind or too wicked to discover for themselves. Meanwhile, we are of the opinion of the distinguished audience who received it on the first night with a storm of disapprobation the like of which has not been heard within the walls of the Comédie Française for many a long year.

The performance is throughout excellent. Mlle. Croizette has seldom had a part that suited her so exactly. She is a very lioness, or more justly a very tigress, in the scenes with her husband and her lover, and she is intensely pathetic in those with her child. M. Worms invests the repulsiveness of Nourvady with a sort of mystery and fatality that raises him above the ordinary stage-lover of a married lady; and M. Febvre does all that art can do for the husband. We have already spoken of M. Thiron, and he is well seconded by M. Baillet as Trévelé. Great praise is due also to M. Sylvain for the way in which he impersonates the Commissaire de Police. Two scenes have been provided sufficiently rich and elaborate to save almost any piece. There is a transparent ceiling of coloured glass, wonderful furniture, and a view of the Champs Elysées, representing the exact houses that would be seen from a villa in the position of that in which the action is supposed to take place. But even with these advantages we shall think more meanly of French taste than we wish to do if the piece has more than a *succès d'estime et de curiosité*.

THE STOCK MARKETS.

SINCE the beginning of the year the Stock Markets have been somewhat depressed. There has been no great fall in prices, though the movement has been steadily downwards; but speculation has been dormant; the public have abstained from buying, and what transactions there have been have generally been sales. A reaction of the kind was inevitable after the long and extraordinary rise that has proceeded, almost without interruption, for the past eighteen months. Up to a certain point that rise was legitimate. The extreme discredit that followed the City of Glasgow Bank failure caused an exaggerated fall in all kinds of securities, and when it gave place to a more sanguine spirit, an upward movement was a necessary consequence. Furthermore, when it became clear that the improvement in trade continued, and promised to go on for a considerable time longer, an additional rise was seen to be justified. An improvement in trade means, of course, a greater number of transactions of all kinds; a larger amount of goods conveyed from point to point, more money changing hands, larger profits realized, more people travelling, whether for business or for enjoyment, and, consequently, it means increased receipts for the railways, and therefore better dividends. But better dividends naturally justify higher prices for the stocks. So, again, with regard to the banks. If they do a larger business, and realize handsomer profits, their shares are worth more money. A general rise accordingly in the shares of commercial and industrial Companies of all kinds was manifestly justified. So, also, was a rise in the bonds of those countries which had suffered during the trade depression, and now share in the revived prosperity. Better times would bring larger revenues to the Governments, and consequently more means for paying interest on their debts. But this justifiable rise was exaggerated by the awakening of the speculative spirit, and it was still further stimulated by the excessive cheapness of money. When the improvement in trade began, a year and a half ago, the interest of money in the short loan market in London scarcely exceeded $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum. In other words, the banks were unable to use profitably the immense funds which they had collected, and they welcomed eagerly the speculators on the Stock Exchange who applied to them for loans with which to operate. As long as the rise continued, speculators were not only able to borrow cheaply and easily, but, as the value of the securities they offered to the banks was steadily increasing, the security itself seemed better and better. In this way the cheapness of money, which always exists at the beginning of a trade revival, stimulates and exaggerates the rise in the prices of Stock Exchange securities, which is the most notable circumstance of the revival. But of course a rise cannot go on for ever. At a certain point it is seen that railway bonds and shares and other securities of the kind are as high as the circumstances warrant, if not higher; and then the speculators look about them for some new stocks on which to operate. They found what they were seeking in the bonds of defaulting foreign States, such as Turkey, Mexico, and some of the South American Republics. It was plausibly argued that the European Powers could not allow Turkey to fall to pieces; and that, if Turkey is to be kept alive, it is necessary to put her finances in some kind of order; which would mean, of course, the recommencement, at some time or other, of the payment of interest to the bondholders. The bonds being exceedingly cheap, and there being thus, in Stock Exchange slang, "something to go for"—that is to say, a sufficiently plausible argument that the bonds by and by would be worth more than they are at present—speculation took them up actively. In the case of Mexico, again, it was pointed out that the country is naturally very rich, that the Americans are interesting themselves in its material development, and that, if

once railway communication is established between the two Republics, the United States would be in a position to impose their will upon Mexico, and thus to compel greater honesty towards the bondholders. In this way a speculation was got up in these and the bonds of other States of a similar kind.

In the meantime the more far-seeing and cautious capitalists, who had eagerly joined in the speculative movement as long as it remained within reasonable limits, began to see that prices had now attained a point at which a fall was much more probable than a further rise; and they prudently began to realize the profits made. Constant and heavy selling thus checked the rise which had been so rapid and continuous hitherto. In some cases, the object was simply to employ the money thus obtained in loans upon the Stock Exchange. The magnitude of the speculation naturally produced a great demand for loans, and, as many of the speculators were themselves without the means of paying for what they had bought, and were also in but very mediocre credit, they were naturally obliged to pay very heavy rates of interest for the advances made to them. In this way capitalists were able to obtain 5, 8, 10, and even 15 per cent. in some cases, for loans, whereas the investments in which the money had been previously sunk probably had not yielded them anything like the lowest of the figures named. A new influence now began to make itself felt in the increasing value of money. We have recently referred on two occasions to the effect of the trade improvement in enhancing the value of money, and we need not now go over the ground which we have there travelled. It will be sufficient to say that, as trade expanded and those engaged in it found it necessary to extend their business and enlarge their plant and premises, they deemed it expedient to sell out of the securities in which they had invested their surplus funds during the trade depression. This was a further check to the rise in prices, both by diminishing the monied holders of stocks, and by withdrawing the funds previously employed upon the Stock Exchange. The steadily increasing demand for money for trade purposes, by drawing away the idle money employed in the shape of deposits and bankers' balances in London, further tended to increase the rates charged to speculators to enable them to carry on their operations. In all times of slack trade it is usual for the country banks to keep large balances in London which they are unable to employ in their own districts. When trade is active, and merchants' and manufacturers' demands for money are consequently incessant, the banks in the trade centres find it easy to employ at remunerative rates all their funds; but when trade becomes depressed, they find the local demand falling off, and consequently send up the balances they are unable to employ at home to be used in London on the best terms they can obtain. One of the effects of a trade revival is to lead to the withdrawal of these balances, and thus diminish the funds which the London banks lend out to speculators. In these three ways, then, the rise in prices on the Stock Exchange itself and the improvement in trade tended to check a further rise. Firstly, the magnitude of the rise tempted many holders of securities to sell, and thus realize in time the great profits offered them; secondly, business men, needing further funds for the extension of their business, sold out of the securities in which they had invested when the trade depression compelled them to contract their business; and, thirdly, the country bankers, finding the demands for loans and discounts increasing at home, withdrew, and are still withdrawing, balances which they had kept during the slack times here in London.

The effect was to leave inflated stocks in the hands of persons without large capitals of their own and without very great credit. The monied men, as we have just seen, had hastened to realize as soon as they considered prices had nearly reached the highest point at which they could be maintained; and the gradually diminishing funds in the hands of the bankers compelled these latter to charge increasingly higher rates for the loans they made to the speculators just at the very time when the stocks were going into the hands of what are called "weak holders"—that is, persons without much capital and without very great credit. That credit itself was being somewhat severely tested by the fact that money itself was steadily rising in value. Bankers, finding a steady outflow of currency to the provinces, began to grow alarmed at the magnitude of the speculation, and they decided about Christmas last that it was time to do something to check it. Accordingly there was a combination amongst the great London bankers to raise their rates for Stock Exchange advances to such a height as would give a warning to speculators that they must contract their operations; and towards the end of the year rates were charged in some cases to the speculators varying from 10 to 20 per cent., and even upwards. At such rates as these of course the chance of profit speedily began to disappear, and the speculators found it necessary to sell out. Accordingly, sales have been going on ever since, not in very large amounts, it is true, but still continuously, and sufficiently to depress the markets and to give them the appearance of want of life and animation. The investing classes, too, have preferred to lend their money rather than to buy themselves, hearing that such enormous rates were being charged upon the Stock Exchange. Still, in spite of all that is said of the weakness of speculators and the magnitude of speculation, it is remarkable how very little has been the fall in prices. The bad weather of January was most unfavourable to them, for the stoppage of almost all out-of-door occupations, and the loss of traffic by the railways, were most discouraging, and would have been almost sufficient of themselves to cause the

drop in prices; yet the fall in home railways has scarcely reached 5 per cent. What might have happened, indeed, if there had been the appearance of sudden and imminent war upon the Continent we will not undertake to say; but certain it is that, with bad weather at home, a formidable agitation in Ireland, an unpleasant state of affairs in South-Eastern Europe, renewed disturbances at the Cape, and dissatisfaction with the Afghan policy of the Government, the course of the Stock Markets has been extraordinarily steady. We are inclined to think, therefore, that the alarm of the banks was exaggerated, if not premature; that the speculation in itself, though large no doubt, was not at all so great as was generally reported; and that the trade improvement is so steady, and promises to last so long, that a further and considerable rise in prices may yet be looked for. In confirmation of this opinion we may point to the greater ease in money during the last week or two, when the Bank of England has been unable to employ its funds at the very moderate rate of 3½ per cent. It has been obliged, therefore, instead of sending and discounting, as is its proper business, to invest its surplus funds in securities, and only last week it bought up a million and a half of Treasury Bills, yielding it no more than 3 per cent. per annum. Moreover, at the Stock Exchange settlement, which has taken place this week, the rates charged for advances on the Stock Exchange have been very much lower than those at the previous two or three settlements, varying from about 4 to 5 per cent.; showing again that the joint-stock banks and the private banks have been unable to maintain the rates they had been charging. No doubt, as we have said, there have been very many sales, and speculation has been effectually checked; but it has not been so diminished in volume as in itself to account for the greater cheapness in money.

THE THEATRES.

THE success of *The Colonel* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre would seem to indicate a reviving taste for farcical entertainment. The three-act farce has long been familiar to the French stage, but the appetite of the English playgoer for this kind of work has usually been satisfied within narrower limits. It is possibly out of a feeling of respect for this tradition of our theatre that Mr. Burnand has bestowed the dignified title of comedy upon his diverting performance. Or it may be that he has thought it due to the author of the French piece from whom he has borrowed the lines of his plot that the original description should be religiously preserved. But, although Mr. Burnand has confessedly adopted the framework of a comedy, he has completed the structure in the spirit of the broadest farce. In so far as he ventured at all into the region of comedy, he rather endangers the success of his work. The third act of the *Colonel* is felt to be dull because there, for the first time, the author attempts to be serious. The rollicking burlesque of the earlier scenes is suddenly exchanged for a display of misplaced and ineffective sentiment. The æsthetic wife, instead of joining in a breakdown with her quaintly-attired companions, in order to celebrate her recent emancipation from high-art dogmas, begins to murmur some nonsense about repentance and regret to her ridiculous husband. The audience is quite gravely asked to believe that this outraged Mr. Forrester has been driven to the verge of conjugal infidelity by the contemplation of a sage-green wall-paper; and poor Mr. Burnand, whose boyish high spirits have served him so well in the two first acts, is driven, by the plan of his work to abandon pun-making, and assume the inappropriate pose of the moralist. The effect is much as though the clown in the pantomime were suddenly to lay aside his hot poker, and discourse pathetically of the moral delinquencies of the pantaloon. It suggests, indeed, the awful suspicion that Mr. Burnand has been for once the dupe of his own humour, and that he seriously believes in the existence of the grotesquely amusing creatures with whom he has peopled the earlier scenes of the play. In this respect *The Colonel*, as a comic presentation of the extravagances of æstheticism, must be pronounced inferior to *Where's the Cat?* in which the spirit of boisterous laughter is successfully maintained to the close of the piece. They are both, indeed, deeply indebted to an authority that is in neither case explicitly acknowledged. Mr. Albery admits that he has borrowed from the German, and Mr. Burnand confesses his obligations to the French; but what really arrests the attention of the audience in these amusing performances is bodily appropriated from the work of Mr. Du Maurier. The types of character, the ludicrous situations, and even the exaggerated vocabulary of æstheticism, are all derived from Mr. Du Maurier's admirable caricatures in *Punch*. It is in virtue of his skilful designs that the personages of the drama appeal to the audience with the force of familiarity, and that their idiotic proceedings produce a certain sense of illusion. On the occasion when we witnessed the performance of *The Colonel* there was a young gentleman in the stalls who inquired incredulously of his elder sister whether such grotesque creatures existed in real life? "Oh, of course not," was the reply, but "haven't you seen them in Mr. Du Maurier's drawings?" It must be admitted, however, that the artist's invention somewhat suffers in the process of translation to the stage. The fun loses much of the fineness of its flavour from the fact that it has to be taken at second hand. Mr. Burnand's high animal spirits do not induce much subtlety or discrimination in the method of his satire; and, although

he lays about him lustily, the blows are not always very skilfully directed. Mr. Du Maurier had, as an artist, the advantage of thoroughly understanding the phase of life that he chose to ridicule. But the rougher quality of Mr. Burnand's humour is perhaps a certain advantage in appealing to the mixed audience of a theatre; and, it must be added, in justice to the dramatist, that the unflagging wit of his dialogue serves to attract a large number of his hearers who take no particular interest in the Maudslows or Postlethwaites of the artistic world, and have no intimate knowledge of their eccentricities. Even the occupants of the stalls are not always quite sure of their ground. When, in the last act, Miss Amy Roselle appears in a somewhat remarkable ball-costume, intended, as we may suppose, to illustrate the healthy laws of fashion, as opposed to the foolish extravagances of art, an audible titter might be heard, which was, however, speedily checked when the audience realized that this was not what they were intended to laugh at. The contrast designed by Mr. Burnand might indeed have been more effectively expressed by those who have had charge of the decorations of the piece. What is meant to be a bright and cheerful apartment inhabited by the gay widow Mrs. Blyth is but a sorry specimen of the fashionable decorator's handiwork, and it surely argues a strange ignorance on the part of all concerned that the scene-painter should have been allowed to introduce upon the walls the bated features of dado and frieze. But, if the piece is imperfectly mounted, it is in many respects admirably played. The Colonel of Mr. Coghlan is a highly-finished and most artistic performance. It is the only rational character in the play, and it is impersonated with a strength and reticence of style which suggest a regret that it is not placed amid more serious surroundings. The American accent has not often been given on the stage with such entire freedom from exaggeration. Miss Myra Holme, as the æsthetic wife, enters with becoming gravity into the wild extravagance of Mr. Burnand's creation, and her invention of sentimental pose and gesture is often highly humorous. Mr. Buckstone, who plays the sickly painter, has evidently less knowledge of the abnormal artistic development which he has to present, and the same comment may be made upon the Lambert Streyke of Mr. Fernandez. Even the most praiseworthy attempts at the grotesque are of little avail without some perception of the particular form which they should take. Mr. Buckstone suggests with fidelity his previous career as a chemist's assistant, but of the artistic life to which he is supposed to aspire he has evidently no perception. In this respect his performance compares unfavourably with that of Mr. Beer-bohm Tree at the Criterion, who very successfully interprets the affectations of Mr. Du Maurier's Postlethwaite.

The production of *Masks and Faces* at the Haymarket Theatre can scarcely be regarded as a novelty. It is, in truth, a revival of a revival, for before Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft quitted the little house in Tottenham Street they had already made the work of Messrs. Reade and Taylor familiar to the public. We have to note, however, some important changes in the cast, accompanied by greatly increased luxury of costume and decoration. The drama is now put upon the stage in a manner that leaves absolutely nothing to be desired. Mr. Lewis Wingfield, who has designed the costumes, has brought to his task full archaeological knowledge and a fine artistic taste, and the scene in the second act where Vane entertains his guests in Queen Square stands out as a brilliant picture of *genre*, complete in every detail.

Upon the merits and defects of the play itself there is now no need to enter. The strength and interest of the situations which it contains have always been held by the public to outweigh whatever shortcomings may be found in the presentation of individual character. But these imperfections of portraiture must always be taken into account if we are to judge fairly of the actor's share in the performance. It is difficult, for example, to conceive of any rendering of the part of Peg Woffington which would be entirely satisfactory. The sudden changes of feeling from careless gaiety to serious and almost tragic passion afford effective material for the display of an actress's varied capabilities, but the keen interest that is awakened by her sufferings is arrested by the incomplete development which the authors have given to their theme. If we allowed ourselves to follow the fortunes of Peg Woffington, we should quickly lose all concern for the trials of Mabel Vane. The conflict between these two characters is so conducted as to leave the play without a real centre. Our sympathies are distracted just when they are most deeply aroused, and the ultimate reconciliation between husband and wife is felt to be a somewhat hollow and unreal conclusion to a serious struggle. Mrs. Bancroft's rendering of the principal part is familiar to all playgoers, and it has lost nothing of its acknowledged charm. We must confess, however, that the defects of the play receive additional emphasis from the greater strength of emotion which she now strives to impart to the character. The fragile structure will hardly bear the very serious method which Mrs. Bancroft now imports into her interpretation, nor do the essential excellences of the actress's art show to such advantage under the more severe strain that is put upon them. Mr. Conway now takes the part that was formerly entrusted to Mr. Coghlan. His performance is eminently graceful, and it is perhaps no great matter for regret that the heartless villainy of the character is less prominently expressed. Among the less important rôles we may particularly notice the Snarl of Mr. Kemble and the Soaper of Mr. Brookfield, while the character of Colley Cibber, supported alternately by Mr. Bancroft and Mr. Cecil, is in either case in safe hands. The Triplet of Mr. Cecil is another of the novelties of the production. It is admirably made up

and very carefully elaborated; but it misses, to our thinking, that element of hopeful vanity which gives the keynote to the character. Triplet, as Mr. Cecil plays it, seems as melancholy an object to himself as he appears to the spectator. He is buoyed up by no illusions; from his first entrance on the scene he presents a broken and dejected appearance; and it is almost impossible to realize that he has any sort of belief in his own intellectual powers. In short, Mr. Cecil, while he presses too heavily upon the pathetic side of the character, deprives it of all its humour. Mr. Bancroft, on the other hand, while he succeeds even in a more marked degree than he did a few years ago with the pathetic side of the character, by no means neglects the humour which is closely allied with the pathos. He renders with fine insight and skill the self-deception of the poor struggling creature, and he enlists sympathy for Triplet throughout, in spite of his absurdities.

At the Gaiety Miss Litton has withdrawn the *Country Wife* in favour of Goldsmith's comedy of the *Good-natured Man*. The play, in spite of some excellent acting, proves less attractive in representation than in the reading. The action is desultory, and the characters assume an air of exaggeration. We may particularly mention as special features of the representation the Croaker of Mr. Lionel Brough and the Lofty of Mr. Everill.

REVIEWS.

PROVINCIAL LETTERS OF PASCAL.*

MR. DE SOYRES deserves the thanks of English scholars for giving us what is curiously enough not only the first critical edition, but the first edition at all, of the French text of the *Provincial Letters* published in this country. Of English translations there has been an abundance, the first of which appeared within six months of the issue of the eighteenth Letter, and was rapidly followed by a translation of the replies by Father Annat, the King's confessor, and Nouet. But translations of a work whose chief abiding interest is due to the style, which made its author "the first to establish the French language as it now is," are a poor substitute for the original. The Letters began to be published in January 1656 without any name, but Pascal afterwards adopted the sobriquet of Louis de Montalte. The fourth and last edition published during his lifetime appeared in 1659, with numerous corrections, which Mr. De Soyres—for what seem sufficient reasons—judges to be authentic, and he has therefore adopted the text of this fourth edition, appending the various readings of the earlier ones in footnotes. He tells us in his Preface that he had a twofold object in bringing out the present edition, to supply students of French literature with an accurate text, and students of theology with materials for investigating one of the most important pages in ecclesiastical history. With the latter aim he has prefixed an Introduction of much interest and value, though theological accuracy is not its strongest point. The notes appended to the Letters are for the most part useful and unpretending, but it is a pity that the controversial has been allowed to blend with the critical and historical element in them. When Mr. De Soyres speaks of the *Provinciales* in his preface as the author's "masterpiece" he is referring, we presume, to the style, for he has on the previous page designated the *Pensées* "his greater work," as it certainly was. In this matter indeed the verdict of posterity has remarkably, though very intelligibly, reversed the judgment of contemporaries. It was for their substance rather than their form that the Letters were devoured by readers of all classes on their first appearance, though it was even then the inimitable style which constituted the secret of success. To quote from the admirable sketch of the Port Royalist affair in Mr. Jervis's *Gallican Church*, "A dry ecclesiastical controversy, hitherto confined to the cloister, the school, and the Sorbonne, suddenly converted into a theme for plaisanterie and badinage, was a spectacle inexpressibly diverting to the Parisian mind," and accordingly the immediate success of the Letters was almost unexampled. The first three of them as well as the seventeenth and eighteenth on the Jansenist theory of predestination are addressed, so to speak, *ad clerum*, and roused but a comparatively languid interest beyond purely theological circles, though the two last cost the author so much time and trouble that he is said to have rewritten the eighteenth Letter no less than thirteen times; and they contain, to say the truth, a great deal of special pleading, more ingenious perhaps, but hardly more ingenious, than that which he charges with such terrible force on his opponents. But the remaining Letters, from the fourth to the sixteenth inclusive, are addressed *ad populum*, and written in a language very plainly "understood of the people." The fourth Letter, which opened the attack on the Jesuit casuists, transferred the discussion at once from the study or the cloister to an arena open to the general public. It is true that Pascal had little really new to tell—the materials had been already collected and published in Arnauld's *Théologie Morale* and elsewhere—but he had an entirely new way of telling it. He made for the first time "a popular appeal, written in the language of society to the educated public," and it was rather to his advantage for his immediate purpose that he was himself no theologian. He hit the

Jesuits and hit them hard, and Parisian society, which half feared, half detested, and was compelled to tolerate them, cheered to the echo. Even those who could appreciate little of the piquancy of his satire and the refined graces of his style, were equally scandalized and amused as it was shown by extract upon extract from the fashionable manuals of casuistry how priests might say mass immediately after committing a crime, and how monks expelled from their convents were *ipso facto* relieved from their vow of obedience; how valets, by properly "directing the intention" might hold ladders for their masters and carry their love letters, and, if they thought their wages insufficient, recoup themselves by judicious theft; how a judge might take bribes and give sentence against his conscience, and a bankrupt might fraudulently reserve money enough to live at ease; how the rich might be robbed by the poor, if they considered their necessity serious, and how somehow or other restitution never need be made. The *Pensées* would appear tame reading indeed after such an exposure; yet the *Pensées* retain their permanent value, while the *Provinciales* have become the property of linguistic critics or Exeter Hall divines. Why is this?

Many good reasons might be given. In the first place the interest and excitement of the Jansenist controversy—which really involved questions of deep social and political, no less than religious, interest for France—has long since passed away. And in the next place the Jesuits, if no less keenly hated in some quarters still, are no longer an object of terror except to a few fanatical visionaries here and there; nor—it must in fairness be added—could the same charges be plausibly alleged against their current teaching now. And there are two further considerations, one of general application, the other applying specially to Protestant readers, which must be allowed to deduct seriously from the weight of the indictment brought against them by Pascal at the time. We have hinted already that he was too hasty or too prejudiced to be always trustworthy in his treatment of the Jansenist controversy. He made a telling point against his Thomist assailants in his exquisite railery at the *pouvoir prochain* which was never used, and the *grâce suffisante qui ne suffit pas*, but he failed entirely to establish any distinction intelligible either to the theological or to ordinary apprehension between the Jansenist theory of predestination and the Calvinist. And so too the accuracy, and indeed the good faith, of his criticisms on the Casuists were not always unimpeachable. Several cases of misquotation and mistranslation, and more of deliberate perversion of the meaning of his authorities, were urged, and some were proved against him. The Protestant Schoell calls the *Provinciales* "a partisan work, where opinions are attributed to the Jesuits which they have long since disowned, and certain extravagances of some Spanish and Flemish fathers are charged on the whole Society." It is moreover notorious that the science of casuistry was not the invention of the Jesuits, and had been accounted a special branch of study for the Roman Catholic priesthood long before the birth of Ignatius Loyola; it was, in fact, in some shape or other, inseparable from the use of the confessional, which had been for centuries a recognized institution, and which Pascal, who loudly and no doubt sincerely insisted on the Catholic orthodoxy of his clients as well as his own, never dreamt of calling in question. It is fair indeed to remember that many of the writers and opinions he most severely lashes were eventually condemned at Rome; yet Protestants at least can hardly help feeling—though Mr. De Soyres tells us that De Moulin was the only Protestant divine engaged in the controversy who took this line at the time—that Pascal's attack, whatever becomes of particular details, was an impeachment of the entire system of casuistry or moral theology, and therefore virtually of the confessional. And this necessarily weakens the force of his argument as addressed to the Jesuits. It has the fatal flaw of proving too much for its purpose.

Mr. De Soyres has divided his Introduction into five sections, dealing respectively with the Catholic Reaction of the seventeenth century, the Free-will controversy, the Casuists, the publication and the text of the *Provinciales*. He tells us he had originally contemplated prefixing a complete biographical sketch of Pascal, but this was rendered superfluous by the recent publication of Principal Tulloch's monograph. But it does not at all follow that all readers of the present volume are in possession of Principal Tulloch's works, and a similar method of reasoning would have made the remaining portions of the Introduction equally superfluous. Ranke has composed an "admirable monograph" on the Catholic Reaction, far more widely known than Principal Tulloch's book, and there are plenty of excellent works to be found on the Free-will controversy and the Casuists. However we are rather disposed to thank Mr. De Soyres for what he has given us than to quarrel with him for what he has omitted, though we could wish he had confined himself more exclusively to the historical, and meddled less with the theological aspect of the Jansenist controversy, of which he has a very imperfect comprehension. We will not criticize his sweeping identification of St. Augustine's teaching with that of Calvin, Jansen, and Edwards; he has no doubt a right to plead the high authority of the late Professor Mozley for that view of the case. But he seems wholly unaware that there is by no means a universal agreement among competent judges in his interpretation of the meaning of that most voluminous and not always most consistent of the early Fathers. Both here and in his account of what he designates "the Primitive doctrine, afterwards called Semi-pelagian," a little more reserve, not to say diffidence, of tone

* The *Provincial Letters of Pascal*. Edited by John De Soyres. Cambridge: Deighton, Bell, & Co. 1880.

would at least have been appropriate. It is a graver error, and one which betrays a complete misapprehension of the theological bearings of the controversy; to speak of "the doctrine of *opus operatum*, or, in other words, that the duly administered rite acts as a charm," in contrast to "the necessity of subjective fitness in communion," as the main point in dispute between the Jansenists and their assailants. In the first place his definition of "the doctrine of *opus operatum*" is quite a wrong one, and in the next place there were no doctrinal differences whatever on that point between the rival schools. Both were alike agreed in the Tridentine doctrine that the sacraments work *ex opere operato*—that is by virtue of their divine institution, and not by virtue of the subjective dispositions of the recipient—and both would alike have admitted in theory, whatever laxity may be charged on Jesuit practice, that right dispositions are an indispensable condition of their beneficial operation on adults. Mr. De Soyres has fallen into the common mistake of supposing that, because the Jansenists were disaffected towards Rome, or at least towards those who represented Roman authority in France, they were at bottom Protestants. They were nothing of the kind, as neither are their descendants, the Old Catholics of Utrecht, now.

It would be out of place to dwell here at length on the general history and principles of the Port Royalists, or the interminable, and to modern notions unprofitable, discussion of *le droit* and *le fait*. That "the Five Propositions" are contained in substance, if not in actual terms, in the *Augustinus* no impartial critic at the present day would think of disputing, and as little will any reasonable man, of whatever creed, maintain the justice of extorting an acknowledgment of the fact by the extremest ecclesiastical and civil penalties from those—many of them ignorant women—who were, however, unreasonably, convinced of the contrary. The appearance of the *Provinciales* coincided, happily for the Port Royalists, with the famous miracle of "the Holy Thorn," which occurred March 24, 1656, just two months after the publication of the first Letter, and contributed not a little to their practical success. For a time all further attacks on the doomed community were checked. And Ultramontanes would do well to remember—what Sir James Stephen justly points out in his attractive essay on the Port Royalists—that of all the alleged miracles of ecclesiastical history there is scarcely one for which such apparently conclusive evidence can be produced as the prodigy of *la Sainte Epine*. "The greatest genius, the most profound scholar, and the most eminent advocate of that age (Pascal, Arnauld, and Le Maitre) all possessing the most ample means of knowledge, all carefully investigated, all admitted, and all defended it with their pens." The storm of indignation already raised against the Casuists was sensibly increased; Father Pirot's reply to the *Provinciales*—a feeble and vulgar tissue of abuse—was condemned by the Sorbonne and by most of the French bishops, and denounced by the Jesuit Society itself; it was eventually censured by the Roman Inquisition. But meanwhile the *Provincial Letters* also had been placed on the Roman Index, and on October 14, 1660, were publicly burnt in Paris by order of the Council of State. Two years afterwards Pascal died, not long after his sister, the noble-minded Jacqueline, whose mental anguish, after she had been induced to sign the obnoxious "Formulaire" in July 1661, brought her prematurely to the grave. From that time forward to its close the history of Port Royal is the history of a persecution as ruthless as it was iniquitous. The short respite lasted only till the death of Cardinal Mazarin, when Louis XIV. began to act, or to profess to act, for himself, which meant practically that the Jesuits and the royal mistresses, through whom they ruled, governed France. Thenceforth the whole machinery of Church and State was put in motion to exterminate the hated sect, and no mercy was shown them. One of their Jesuit assailants, in his reply to Pascal, had called them "vermin," and as such they were treated. Madame de Maintenon did her best to egg on their persecutors while she derided the sufferings of her victims. Years afterwards, when all was over, and the aged monarch was tormented on his deathbed by a late remorse, he bitterly warned his Jesuit guides that on them must rest the whole responsibility of the inhuman policy they had induced him to pursue. But Jansenism did not expire with the fall of Port Royal, and Jansenists, alienated by over a century of cruel wrongs, took a prominent part in the earlier scenes of the French Revolution. They were avenged at last on the monarchy and Church which had proscribed them.

It is obvious and common enough to compare the *Provinciales* with the *Letters of Junius*, but the comparison can only be admitted with many grains of salt. Both works have enjoyed a vast and lasting popularity, and have exercised a powerful influence on the subsequent literature of their respective countries, and both were largely indebted for their popularity at the time, and almost exclusively for its survival, to their brilliancy of style. But there the similarity ends. In temper, tone, and object no two works could well be more unlike each other. The style of Junius, telling and biting as it is, is laboured and vicious, while that of Pascal is the transparent and elastic medium of his thought. The *Letters of Junius* manifest no spark of generous feeling, no evidence of lofty principle or nobleness of aim, no sign of superior knowledge or desire to communicate it, while the invective throughout is as extravagant and unscrupulous as the vanity and egotism of the writer are inordinate. The character of the *Provinciales* is in all these respects just the reverse. We may or may not sympathize with Pascal's views, and may think that his zeal not unfrequently outran his discretion and sometimes overpowered his candour, but of his honesty of purpose and un-

selfish loftiness of aim there cannot be two opinions. If his work is chiefly valued now, and justly valued, for its unique position among the classics of the French language, that would in his eyes have seemed the least worth considering of its merits. He wrote, not for fame or popularity, but to expose with the genuine irony of passionate conviction what to him was a sacrilegious abuse of all he held holiest and most dear, and to vindicate the just claims of an oppressed minority, whom he knew to be cruelly outraged and believed to be the solitary witnesses of divine truth. And we may safely add, without pronouncing any judgment on the theological questions at stake between the Port Royalists and their censors—in which probably few religionists of the present day will be able to sympathize entirely with the former—that, if in that last age of the old Gallican Church the salt did not wholly lose its savour, it was mainly the influence of the despised and persecuted Jansenists that preserved it.

SYLVESTRA.*

MRS. ELLIS—for once we are spared the perplexity in which lady authors are apt to involve us, since she either is rightly so styled now, or would so have been at the period to which she carries us back—has a great deal to say of a time concerning which the present generation has a great deal to learn. The form in which she could best say it was a question for her own decision, and we doubt whether she could have decided it better than she has done. "The golden threads of true tradition were to shine among the subdued colours of my fiction." The metaphor may be more prosaically varied, and the story regarded as the string upon which the beads of true tradition are strung. The string may be somewhat too long, and may show gaps here and there; or the new beads "made to match" the old ones may recall the blue and brown novelty of the outside; but these are points which need no more than a passing notice. "I aimed at putting on paper some things which had been said and done, among many more which might have been said and done by people who might have lived in the latter half of the last century." To do this in any effective way a writer must have some real insight into the spirit and character of the time; and such an insight, though it may be quickened by books, is not to be gained from them. Lord Nelson's telescope was no doubt an excellent instrument; but he did not see the signal. True tradition requires the living voice, and Mrs. Ellis's "good fortune of time of birth brought her, when very young, among some who could remember" the quiet days of the earlier, the fiery signals of the later, portions of the period which she describes. A similar good fortune may, in her judgment, be held as some qualification for a critic.

It may reasonably be maintained as a thesis, subject of course to the test of argument, that this century knows less by tradition of the last than any former century in English experience has known of its predecessor. The decay of local tradition is a fact as manifest as its causes are obvious. We have other things to talk and think about; and while the elaborate exactness of Eastern orthodoxy forbids the hypothetical "Peter" to marry "Theodora, seeing that she is the great-granddaughter of Maria," his first wife, and even extends the prohibition to "Helena," who is Theodora's daughter, the more practical English Table of Degrees is content with the initial rule that "A man may not marry his grandmother." For, "salvo semper jure Regine," it is not usually given to English folk to be on very intimate terms with their descendants or ancestors of the third generation; and it is not now common, as it was formerly, for the older members of a family to talk much to the younger of the days before their own. Perhaps the more correct way of stating this proposition is that the younger sort would not be much disposed to listen. As a consequence, the time separated from our own by eighty or a hundred years becomes too far off for memory, while it is too near—save where marked by some towering events—for history, and the lessening twilight of that which "our fathers have told us" appears to be gradually consigning to utter darkness everything that lies outside the range of personal memory. Mrs. Ellis was a good listener to some "who had felt the fervour of their times," where the times were fervent, and the quiet of the preceding times, which had been tranquil, and "against which some of them declaimed as torpid." Those whom the now middle-aged remember as old, and who were born "when there was nothing new under the sun, or under the grandson"—in the later days of George II. or the earlier of George III.—began life in a time of strange calm. From "forty-five" to "eighty-nine" there was no change, except the change of style, at home. America was a long way off. Even dress, if we may trust to history as sung to us by young ladies in ringlets whose granddaughters are now "thatching" their foreheads by way of added grace, was stationary:—

Fashion then was so dull, you could scarcely discern
The minute flow and ebb of her tides:
And a dowager's dress, though unturned, served in turn
Three or four generations of brides.
Like the family jewels, the family gown
Was reserved for their gala displays;
And a ruffled old lady looked placidly down
On a ruffled young girl, in the days
Of my great grandmamma.

* *Sylvestra: Studies of Manners in England from 1770 to 1880.* By Annie Raine Ellis, Author of "Marie," "Mariette," &c. London: Bell & Sons, 1880.

More than once Mrs. Ellis quotes a saying of Talleyrand, "They who did not live before 1789 knew not the sweetness of life." In England, sentiment died down with the fallen fortunes of the Young Pretender, and did not revive—we do not speak of religious feeling—till it burst out in trembling horror when the execution of the French King and Queen seemed to realize the prophetic vision of a sun darkened and a moon not giving her light.

"Sylvestra"—scarcely, we think, "the mate of Sylvanus," since "Old Moore" of the year following, to whom we have appealed, duly places "Silvester" in the Calendar—was born in 1776. But her biographer sets out from a date some twenty years earlier, when the Tenth of June, which was not the Eleventh, although near enough to drink the King's health upon, till both days in their turn gave place to the Fourth, afforded occasion to the Oxford undergraduate to deck his Celia or his Molly with a white rose. We think that the basis of true tradition upon which Mrs. Ellis has founded her narrative may be approximately recognized. Her home and "mother-city" is Durham, and it is in her pictures of the life of the "Bishopric" and ecclesiastical principality in its central city and church that the historical value of the volumes consists. Traditions of Oxford are necessarily associated with the cathedral body of greater and minor dignitaries; and we may assume a subsidiary personal association with Gloucester. The Abbey-Cathedral which watches by the Severn is known to her as homes are known where we have made long visits to relations; the Church which "huge and vast looks down upon the Wear," as our own. Diaries, pocket-books, and old letters may be taken as having supplied much of the genuine matter, and "Aunt Delicia's" memory may have been trusted over her knitting as lately as 1860, when it would still be clear for long-past events, though little tenacious of recent experience. Among the genuine facts of the later pages we are afraid that we must include the misdeeds "of young folks of her own blood," who varied "the titles of her favourite tracts" at their own indiscretion, and exercised her soul with "Mouldy Crusts from Dark Cupboards," or "Proposals for the Stamping-out of Sunday Schools." There is a savour of true confession here which suggests as a date, let us say 1845, when "a novel-reading niece" of sixteen may have seen something of Mr. Paget's stories. But Aunt Delicias are forgiving, and as to such misdeeds forgetful, at eighty. We think that Delicia Ashmead may have been drawn from actual life. She is Sylvestra's twin sister, who does not marry, and whose character is moulded by the movement which developed out of the early "Methodist" into the subsequent "Evangelical" form. Without such a type, which was to be found in most educated families of the middle class, a picture of the life of a century since would not have been complete; and such a type must almost certainly have been exhibited, or evoked, in contrast to the dignified ecclesiastical "worldliness" of the wealthy "Close" of Durham. Mrs. Ellis presents the reflection of this pontifical society with a sort of tender underlying regret. She does not justify guinea-points at prebendial whist, or the blank lines which may occur in decanal conversation; but it was all very pleasant, very stately, and very calm. The disuse of the Durham copes bore witness to no Protestant scruples in Chapter, but simply to the intrusion of an ill-tempered though mitred prebendary, who "roughly refused to wear his at the Sunday's service, because its stiff gold thread fretted his irritable neck and set his testy fingers scratching." This was Warburton, who held the first stall at Durham, together with the see of Gloucester. But, on the whole, Prince-Bishops, Deans, and Prebendaries were as gods condescending to and protecting the modest yet well-furnished homes of Minor Canons, who managed in various ways to look after the interest of their relations, and who, with a fair share of hard work in outlying vicarages, found very comfortable provision in the distribution of Chapter patronage. Dr. Blaise, "a learned and accomplished man and a skilled musician," whom we have rhyme, if not reason, for supposing to have been the Professor of Music at the time, was a favourite of Oxford society, where he brought up a large family, including several pretty daughters. A Whig Dean had taken favourable notice of a young Blaise, and given him a minor canonry. Dick Ashmead, when he came up as a freshman from Dr. Blaise's shire, found "one friendly house open to him" for the sake of his father and mother, and nothing was more natural than that, after a twelve years' engagement, and when Molly Blaise was thirty-six, James Blaise should write that "Dick must come to Durham. The Dean will find him enough to live on until a minor canonry falls vacant." Accordingly, "in 1770 Mr. Ashmead went to Durham," "where Oxford held the greater share of the twelve stalls":—

Why [he writes] 'tis but meeting Christ Church and Balliol, Corpus and Pembroke, in a city set on a hill that it cannot be hid. Our old King's Greek Professor is no less testy here than in Oxford, but they who suffer the most are his partners at whist. The Dean has again been but indifferent. His physician came from Newcastle to see him. Saith the Doctor to the Dean, "Now you've been to that—Cathedral again!" . . . Tell my brother, and these of my friends who would still have me try my own diocese, that the smile of the Bishop of Durham is worth the whole patronage of Gloucester.

At Durham, in 1771, while keeping good company, Mr. Ashmead could still "be boarded and lodged for six pounds ten shillings by the quarter"; and the 100*l.* a year upon which he married on St. Mark's Day, 1771, bringing his bride from Oxford to Durham after spending 20*l.* on his wedding expenses, was more than a mere pittance where coal was cheap, although

the stipend was at first only "earned as a curate serving so many churches as the hours of the day and the pace of his horse would permit." Molly carried her quiet charms and her popularity from Oxford ecclesiastical circles to those of Durham, and prudently left off "wearing her white cockade on Charles Edward's birthday." "Men she had known as fellows of colleges, who were now bishops or deans as well as prebendaries of Durham, brought their headaches and heartaches to the tender beauty, sitting in her 'armed' chair by a fire that was always clear and crackling."

The picture of Mrs. Betty Brackenfield, the old attached family servant, half nurse, half housekeeper, half cook, and all friend, is probably drawn from tradition of the reality. Beginning as "Ashmead's Betty," and then passing through "Betty Ashmead" to "Mrs. Betty"—the fact that she has a surname being less evident than the fact that she has a "property" of her own and a "solicitor," and that she will not part with the first, though flirting decorously with the butlers of the Close, or lose control over the second till it passes by her will to the adopted "childer" of her love—she is a type of a real class now, we imagine, dying out. Her recipes are probably genuine; her letters, with variations, possibly so. But when in the later portion of the story the Gloucestershire cousin, Jem Rundell, has married a comfortable wife who cossets him in his gouty troubles, and who turns out to be a great authority on cookery, we believe in the coincidence little, and like it less.

Mrs. Ellis has no particular love for Professor Huxley, Professor Tyndall, or Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, but we do not exactly see what these gentlemen have to do with "studies of manners in England from 1770 to 1800." Padding of such a kind is apt, even in a pleasant book, to try the patience of the reader, and still more that of the conscientious reviewer who will not skip; and we commend to Mrs. Ellis's attention the wisdom shown by the authorities of the reign of James I. in relation to Mr. Townsend of Bow Street:—

But as he wasn't living then,
They nothing knew about him,
And so they did the best they could;
That is, they did without him.

Sylvestra was thirteen when the world was created again in 1789, and the Year One of a new era was proclaimed. By the time she was seventeen she had embraced, not to say formulated, opinions which, if she had lived long enough, she might have developed into those of some of the modern philosophers or politicians whom her biographer does or does not name. But, like a sensible girl as she was at the bottom, she did nothing of the kind, but merely married the new love—a Blaise, as it need scarcely be explained—as soon after being off with the old one as her feelings could permit. The old love was one Mr. Nathaniel Ashmead, a character for which, though it is life-like enough, the author may have costumed a younger model. Yet even her disguises are careful; and Sylvestra has the merit, in which so-called historical novels are often lamentably deficient, of faithfully representing the life, conversation, and thought of the people of its time. The author has not sought to translate her own ideas into sham archaisms, but has successfully carried out her "wish to record the impression left on her mind by what she saw of their century in her friends."

PALMER'S KORAN.*

OF all the Sacred Books of the East which are being translated under Professor Max Müller's direction, not one has been awaited with more curiosity than Professor Palmer's new version of the Koran. The Mohammedan Scripture bears a more close and personal relation to us than most of the Sacred Books; it enters perplexingly into our schemes of Oriental reformation, and meets us alike in the prejudices and in the virtues of our fellow-subjects in India. It possesses, moreover, the attraction of unity of authorship. Whatever attraction belongs to the character of Mohammed is transferred in some degree to the book of which he alone is the author. The Koran is not merely the collection of what is best in the thoughts of a people; it is the record of what was best and what was worst—of passing emotions as well as deep-rooted convictions—in one man; and in this lies its peculiar fascination.

But the interest which a new translation of the Koran would in any case excite is considerably increased when Professor Palmer is the translator. There was not, it may be said, an imperative call for a fresh rendering. Sale's version, if clumsy, is fairly accurate; and Mr. Rodwell's, though less known, is both accurate and eloquent; whilst Lane's Selections leave little to be desired for a popular edition of the best part of the Koran. Mr. Palmer, however, is so well known for his remarkable power of adapting a forcible English style to the requirements of literal translation from the Arabic that great things were expected of his work upon the Koran. It was felt that he, of all English Orientalists, was the one man for the task of setting the Sacred Book of the Moslems worthily before the eyes of the unlearned; that his version would probably make the Koran an English as well as an Arabic classic. The circumstance that he was known to entertain peculiar views on many points of Koranic interpretation induced a hope among scholars that Professor

* *The Qur'ân*. Translated by E. H. Palmer. (Vols. VI. and IX. of the Sacred Books of the East. Edited by F. Max Müller.) Oxford: Clarendon Press. 1880.

Palmer's translation might throw a new light on some of the difficulties of the text, and prove a suggestive model of the true manner of representing the ancient Arabian classics in English. The expectations excited by the announcement that Professor Palmer was engaged to translate the Koran were, in fact, so high that it is not surprising that they are not completely realized. He has certainly produced a remarkable version, one that the duller reader could not fail to find impressive and striking; but it is not altogether equal to the standard which Mr. Palmer's own reputation has set up. Far more literal than Sale and Rodwell, closely retentive of the Oriental tone and colour of the original, this new translation must henceforth be regarded as the standard version of the Koran in English—but only until a better rendering is made. The present cannot be taken as a final work which need never be done again; it is an advance on previous translations, but it does not attain to that degree of perfection which discourages subsequent attempts to better it. It is a work which will be highly prized by the Arabic scholar for the valuable suggestions it throws out on the interpretation of difficult constructions. It will be invaluable to the beginner in the language as a literal translation of the whole of the greatest Arabic classic. It will teach Orientalists the merits of simplicity in translation, the forcible effect of using primary in preference to tropical meanings of a root, and expressing them in homely, rugged English with as few Latin derivatives as may be; and it may also teach them the danger of carrying these principles too far.

In the matter of scholarship Mr. Palmer need fear little criticism. He has no rivals in England and few abroad in his intimate knowledge of Arabic as a living tongue, and probably there is no one who can enter so fully into the genius of the language and the spirit of its speakers as he can. Commentators and lexicographers have too long insisted on treating the language of the Koran as an extinct species, and reasoning about it as though it died immediately after the production of its chief ornament. It is true enough that Arabic did, indeed, suffer considerable corruption in the course of Muslim conquest; but its spirit survived, and after allowing for certain additions in meaning and vocabulary and losses in inflexion, the language of the Koran may be heard in tolerable purity spoken in the present day by the descendants of those who first heard the Koran recited by their prophet. The speech varies considerably, no doubt; there are numerous dialectal varieties; the pronunciation is often different; some tribes speak bad Arabic and some good; but, on the whole, the old language is still living, and the same kind of man speaks the same character of language in modern Arabia as in the Arabia of Mohammed's time. It is Professor Palmer's high merit to have perceived and emphasized this fact; and it is his application of modern uses of the language to the interpretation of the Koran that gives him an undoubted advantage over rival translators. His intimate acquaintance with the spoken language enables him to understand colloquial phrases and desert idioms in the Koran which perplex those interpreters whose knowledge of Arabic is purely grammatical, and who have learned from books rather than from men. Such may perhaps find fault with some of Professor Palmer's renderings; but for ourselves, we are content to believe that he is perfectly competent to judge of the few really important points in which he is at issue with other translators, and that his judgment is generally just. In some cases, however, it seems possible that he has scarcely given sufficient consideration to the rendering of a passage, and in a few instances we fail to understand his reasons for deviating from the usual interpretation. In chap. ii., verse 16, for example, he renders three plural epithets by the words, "Deafness, dumbness, blindness"; instead of "[they are] deaf, dumb, blind," which is the grammatical and more intelligible translation. Again (in ii. 172), the rendering, "gives wealth for His love"—i.e. for the sake of God, although it gives an excellent sense, seems questionable in accuracy; we doubt whether "*alā hubbihi*" can be rendered "for His love," since "*alā*" has not usually the sense of "for." The usual translation is "*in spite of his love of it*"—i.e. in spite of his avarice. There are not, however, many instances in which Professor Palmer's rendering is open to such criticisms as these. It is only to be wished that he had given his fine scholarship fair play, and had not allowed so many traces of haste, and even carelessness, to deface his pages. It is not difficult to discover many instances of a want of due deliberation and efficient collation. In chapter iii., v. 15, the words "and the charitable" are omitted; in v. 25, the words "and dost bring forth the dead from the living," are omitted. Similarly, in xxv. 65, the word generally rendered "prostrate" is left out. The total omission of a word by a revision translator of the Bible would astonish every one; and may we not demand equal care and accuracy in a translation of the Koran?

But our main disagreement with Mr. Palmer is on the score of a theory of translation which he explains and defends in his introduction. In p. lxxviii. it is stated:—

I have translated each sentence as literally as the difference in structure between the two languages would allow, and when possible I have rendered it word for word. Where a rugged or commonplace expression occurs in the Arabic I have not hesitated to render it by a similar English one, even where a literal rendering may perhaps shock the reader. To preserve this closeness of rendering, I have had in several instances to make use of English constructions which, if not incorrect from a strictly grammatical point of view, are, I am aware, often inelegant. Thus a peculiarity of the Arabic is to use the same preposition with a passive verb as the active and transitive verb required; for instance, *ghazaba 'alāhihi*, "he was angered against him," in the passive *ghuziba 'alāhihi*, "he was angered-against"; and the preservation of this construction is often absolutely necessary to retain the force of the original.

It is not unlikely that some may be found to deny this necessity; and to show how such a denial can be supported we will only call Mr. Palmer's own book in testimony against him. We presume that his aim as translator is to produce on the modern reader as nearly as possible the impression which the Koran produced on its original audience. That audience was composed chiefly (at first) of low-class Arabs and negroes—in any case uneducated and semi-barbarous people. Mohammed naturally expressed himself in language they could understand; and the Koran abounds in rough and ready words and phrases, which, if they occurred anywhere else, would be called slang. Such phrases produced no feeling of surprise or amusement among the original audience; it was their own tongue they heard, and they could understand no other. But because Mohammed sometimes talked Arabic slang to Arabs who spoke Arabic slang, is Professor Palmer justified in writing what is very like English slang for English readers who do not speak, and would rather not read, English slang? The following are a few instances of Mr. Palmer's literal method, omitting those very striking, but less presentable, examples which illustrate his views as to needless prudery in translation. A famous parallel between the unbelievers and those who have lighted a fire in an unknown country, and are left in perplexity by the sudden extinguishing of their fire, is rendered by such phrases as "God goes off with their light" and "would go off with their hearing," and "the lightning snatches off their sight." We are told that "God will not catch you up for a casual word," that some "swear off from" pleasures, and others "knock about in the earth"; that God may "leave you in the lurch"; and that there are some "who beg off" from punishment on the last day. "Those who were before them were crafty too, but God's is the craft altogether," in xiii. 42, reads like Irish. "Come on, then, with your witnesses," in vi. 151, is only less inelegant than a similar expression employed by Zuleikha. Mr. Palmer's theory of verbally literal translation leads to the frequent employment of phrases of this sort; whilst the number of merely inelegant sentences produced by the rule of retaining as far as possible the order of the Arabic is very great. "Verily God on what ye do doth look," "Verily God of what ye do is well aware," and many like phrases occurring throughout the work, are intended to show that the verbal noun in the original comes at the end of the sentence. Do we insist on translations from the German retaining the German arrangement of the sentence? And if not, why should Arabic literature be subjected to this disadvantage? Yet, if it must be so, let it be done always. Why do we find "Thou art mighty over all," and "God is powerful over all," when the adjectives come at the end of the sentences, which should be "Thou art over all mighty," and "God is over all powerful." Again, if literalness be the prime object, why is the verb so often substituted for the verbal substantive or epithet? Why is "Thou hearest prayer" substituted for "Thou art the Hearer of prayer," which is the literal version? Why "He o'er everything keeps guard" instead of "He over everything [is] guardian"? Why, in the parable of the two gardens, is one man made to say "I am more wealthy than thee" (*sc. thou*) for *aktharu minka mālā*, when a few lines further on a precisely parallel sentence is rendered "I am less than thee [thou] in wealth"? Such inconsistencies, which might be multiplied indefinitely, would be trifling matters if Mr. Palmer did not insist so strenuously on the necessity of a literal translation. His inconstant but prevailing affection for word-for-word rendering diminishes the force and eloquence of page after page of really admirable translation. The passion for literalness seems sometimes to be alloyed with the desire for novelty which few translators are able to withstand. Thus the fine passage in chap. vi., "The eyes see Him not, but He seeth the eyes," is arbitrarily changed into "Sight perceives him not, but he perceives men's sights," although "men's" is not found in the original, and the strict rendering of the word *al-ābsār* is not countenanced by the later translation of it as "eyes" in xxiv. 38. In the same way the celebrated Throne-verse (ii. 256) loses its effect when it is expressed in such phrases as "Slumber takes Him not," "It tires Him not to guard them both, for He is high and grand." The very happy indication of the termination in the phrase "In that ye have a sign" (instead of "In that is a sign") appears unfortunate when it occurs again in *Dhālikum ulldh*, "There is God for you!" Throughout Mr. Palmer's Koran there is a constant endeavour to translate words by their primary rather than secondary meanings. As we have said, the principle is excellent so long as it is kept within bounds; but Mr. Palmer does not so keep it. In many cases the retention of the original meaning is very happy; for example, in the phrase, "take their stand between the two" extremes of extravagance and miserliness (*beyna dhālika kawāman*). At times, however, the principle results in obscurity; and as Mr. Palmer very seldom gives explanatory notes, or supplies the words necessary to make the sense clear, it is often difficult for the uninitiated to gather the meaning of a sentence. In iii. 39, the want of a note or supplied word renders it doubtful whether "thee" refers to Mary or Mohammed; and in ii. 34, "one of you the enemy of the other" seems to refer to Adam and Eve, whereas it clearly foreshadows the strife between Cain and Abel. But whilst often refusing to explain ambiguous and obscure passages, Mr. Palmer frequently inserts words of his own which are not in the text of Flügel, but hardly ever indicates by brackets or otherwise that such words are the translator's. He might also with advantage have taken more pains in the division of sentences, verses, and paragraphs, and in the rendering of conjunc-

tions. *Wa* is translated "and" and "but" almost at random, and the point of chap. xciii. is lost by substituting "but" for "then" or "therefore." It would also have been satisfactory if he had maintained some more fixed principle in rendering the Arabic tenses. It is true they present difficulties to the English translator which have never yet been thoroughly overcome, but it is perplexing to find the Arabic past tense rendered by the English present, preterite, and perfect, in one page. A little more care, too, would have prevented such a sentence as "men whom neither merchandise nor selling divert from the remembrance of God" (xxiv. 33), and such words as "ginns" in Arabic and "angelism" in English.

The first half of chapter lvi. will serve as a fair example of Professor Palmer's translation, its merits and its faults:—

In the name of the merciful and compassionate God.
When the inevitable * happens; none shall call its happening a lie!—
abasing—exalting!
When the earth shall quake, quaking! and the mountains shall crumble,
crumbling, and become like motes dispersed!
And ye shall be three sorts;
And the fellows of the right hand—what right lucky fellows!
And the fellows of the left hand—what unlucky fellows!
And the foremost foremost! †
These are they who are brought nigh,
In the gardens of pleasure!
A crowd of those of yore,
And a few of those of the latter day!
And gold-wreath couches, reclining on them face to face.
Around them shall go eternal youths, with goblets and ewers and a cup of
flowing wine; no headache shall they feel therefrom, nor shall their
wits be dimmed!
And fruits such as they deem the best;
And flesh of fowl as they desire;
And bright and large-eyed maids like hidden pearls;
A reward for that which they have done!
They shall hear no folly there and no sin;
Only the speech, "Peace, Peace!"
And the fellows of the right—what right lucky fellows!
Amid thornless lote-trees.
And tal'h trees with piles of fruit;
And outspread shade
And water outpoured;
And fruit in abundance, neither failing nor forbidden;
And beds upraised!
Verily we have produced them ‡ a production.
And made them virgins, darlings of equal age (with their spouses) for the
fellows of the right!
A crowd of those of yore, and a crowd of those of the latter day!
And the fellows of the left—what unlucky fellows!
In hot blasts and boiling water;
And a shade of pitchy smoke,
Neither cool nor generous!
Verily they were affluent ere this, and did persist in mighty crime; and
used to say, "What, when we die and have become dust and bones,
shall we then indeed be raised? or our fathers of yore?"
Say, "Verily, those of yore and those of the latter day shall surely be
gathered together unto the tryst of the well-known day."
Then ye, O ye who err! who say it is a lie! shall eat of the Zakkûm
tree! and fill your bellies with it! and drink thereon boiling water!
and drink as drinks the thirsty camel.
This is their entertainment on the judgment day!
* *I.e.* The day of judgment.
† *I.e.* The foremost in professing the faith on earth shall be the foremost
then.
‡ The celestial damsels.

Two points deserve more notice than can now be given to them. Mr. Palmer has preferred the orthodox and unscientific arrangement of the chapters of the Koran to Nöldeke's chronological order. In the present uncertainty as to the exact place of most of the chapters, and the difference of opinion about the position of many of them, he was perhaps justified in evading the difficulty. Yet it must be admitted that in the common arrangement the Koran loses half its personal interest as the record of Mohammed's life, and also much of its intelligibility. Professor Palmer might at least have arranged it in those chronological groups about which there can be little doubt.

The other matter which calls for notice is Mr. Palmer's Introduction. As a collection of facts about the Arabs of Mohammed's time, the life of the Arabian Prophet, and the character of his religion, it will be found a serviceable preparation for the study of the Koran. It lacks, however, that charm of style which is usually conspicuous in Professor Palmer's writings. It is, moreover, in the Introduction that the system of transliteration, arranged by Professor Max Müller for the Sacred Books of the East, is most glaring. The adoption of this system is not Professor Palmer's fault, and it is easy to see that it does not come readily to his pen. His introduction is full of inconsistencies of orthography, and when he comes to Omar he fairly refuses to write him 'Humar. Who would recognize Ali under the guise of 'Haliy, or Khalid as 'Hâlid, or Othman as 'HuTHmân, or Koreysh as Qurâis? It is no wonder that the same name is seldom spelt twice in the same way in Professor Palmer's introduction. If he had reduced his prolegomena and compressed his work into one volume he would have made a more serviceable book of it. As it is, these two handsomely printed volumes are placed at a certain disadvantage in comparison with other translations of the Koran. The new version, if less clear than Sale's, less eloquent as a whole than Rodwell's, less suitable for general reading than Lane's, yet possesses a freshness and originality, a true savour of the East, and a certain rude air of the desert, which are difficult to describe, and which we seek in vain in other translations. It needs an Arabic scholar to appreciate Professor Palmer's version, and Arabic

scholars will undoubtedly study it closely and learn much from it. But we doubt whether those for whom this series of the Sacred Books of the East is designed—people of ordinary education, interested in comparative religion, and desirous of gaining a clear idea of the nature and contents of the Koran—will understand a large part of the new translation of "the Excellent Book."

ENGLISH MEN OF LETTERS.—WORDSWORTH.*

OF the authors of this series it may be said, with somewhat unusual truth, that *quisque suos patitur manes*. They are supposed, according to the terms of their contract, to give such an account, both of the lives and works of their subjects, as will enable persons who have not the time or inclination to read the works or elaborate biographies for themselves to attain some not absolutely false conception of the truth about both. The possibility of this is sometimes doubted; the desirableness of it is doubted still oftener. These previous questions, however, may be supposed not to trouble the man who has actually undertaken the office. But, as is indeed unavoidable, a curious difference of estimate of the task proposed is visible in the actual performances of that task. Some of Mr. Morley's authors have devoted themselves almost wholly to the life of their heroes, giving very little attention to literary criticism. Some of them have written critical essays of varying merit, abandoning the life with a very speedy treatment. In some cases it may be said that unequal attention to the two parts of the programme was absolutely inevitable, and Wordsworth's was certainly one of these. His life was extremely uneventful; and, unless Mr. Myers had chosen to sweep *ana* and gossip out of the numerous biographies of persons who have had to do with his hero, he could not have hoped to fill his hundred and eighty pages with personal details. On the other hand, of purely literary criticism of Wordsworth the world has, at any rate for this generation, had almost enough. The Wordsworthians may take one view, the anti-Wordsworthians another; and between these two extremes there is room for a vast number of middle terms, from the estimate of Mr. Matthew Arnold, who, professing himself not a Wordsworthian, nevertheless places Wordsworth above every European poet except Goethe since the third quarter of the seventeenth century, to the estimate of those who, seeing grievous faults in him, and too frequent descents to a level of tiresome prose, nevertheless acknowledge that at his best he has reached one of the solitary peaks on which at different elevations perhaps, but all above the snow-line, the great poets sit each apart and by himself.

Mr. Myers has hit upon a kind of middle course which is in a way not unhappy. He has rather made a *conférence* about Wordsworth than a regular biography of him with critical interludes. He is obviously himself almost, if not altogether, a Wordsworthian of the strictest sect, and the essence of a Wordsworthian of the strictest sect is a tendency to preaching. Mr. Myers has preached, and let us hasten to say that we should be very well satisfied if we never heard worse sermons. He has, to his credit be it spoken, moderated his sometimes exuberant style not a little. Every now and then it bursts its bonds, and we come upon passages in which he is precious rather than praiseworthy. For instance, let us take the following upon Wordsworth's London stay:—"He never made the attempt to trace the passion and the anguish which whirl along some lurid vista toward a sun that sets in storm, or gaze across silent squares by summer moonlight amid a smell of dust and flowers." This is elegant writing certainly, but we are half inclined to think that Wordsworth himself would have been immensely puzzled by it, and we confess frankly that we are. We have tried it by the most approved rules of criticism, as proposed by a master of the art for such things. We have changed about the clauses as Thackeray did with a passage in the late Lord Lytton's *Sea Captain*, and one variation "to gaze across dust and flowers by summer moonlight amid a smell of silent squares" seems to us rather nice. But, considered as a sentence intended to enlighten the ordinary man on the subject of Wordsworth in London, it still appears to us a little vague. The same must be said of an extremely eloquent passage which closes the sixth chapter:—

And if it be answered that, however truly philosophic, however sacredly pure his happiness may have been, yet its wisdom and its holiness were without an effort, and that it is effort which makes the philosopher and the saint; then we must use in answer his own Platonic scheme of things to express a thought which we can but dimly apprehend; and we must say that, though progress be inevitably linked in our minds with struggle, yet neither do we conceive of struggle as without a pause; there must be prospect-places in the long ascent of souls; and the whole of this earthly life—this one existence, standing we know not where, among the myriad that have been for us and shall be—may not be too much to occupy with one of those outlooks of vision and of prophecy which
In a season of calm weather, &c.

In one sense we may say that in this sentence Mr. Myers equalled in it the length of Wordsworth's life by his style, *μακρόν γὰρ ἐγένετο*. In another a plain man may perhaps complain that he is left floundering among the Prospect Places—a name unhappily suggestive of Ramsgate, where also the mighty waters roll evermore—and that he would on the whole prefer that even a person so sure of myriad past and present existences as Mr. Myers would

* *English Men of Letters*. Edited by John Morley. Wordsworth. By F. W. H. Myers. London: Macmillan & Co.

confine himself to the expression of thoughts which he apprehends otherwise than dimly.

Although, however, we can by no means pass by without comment these indulgences in a style which is one of the worst curses of the literature of the present day, and which will probably make much of that literature unreadable before half a century has passed, we should be very sorry to be understood to speak evil of Mr. Myers's book on the whole. A great affection for his subject, a familiarity with other literature, and a considerable faculty of writing could not possibly produce a bad book on such a matter, and when the reader has got over his inevitable *chair de poule* at its occasional preciousness, he will probably be inclined to pronounce the book which Mr. Myers has written a very good one of its kind. He is by no means unmitigatedly laudatory; indeed, he seems to us to be rather hard on some poems, which at any rate in their own style deserve not a little commendation. In not a few of his digressions, when he lays his gown aside and speaks naturally on subjects of practical interest, the vigour and force of his remarks are worthy of all praise. A very notable passage of this kind is to be found towards the close of the book, *à propos* of the Letters on the projected railway into the Lake District. We do not remember to have seen the plea for national places of rest and refreshment, bodily and spiritual, as distinguished from national tea gardens, better put. Nor again would it be easy to expound Wordsworth's political views better or more appreciatively than Mr. Myers has done, though we should imagine that he himself is very far from taking anything like the standpoint of the poet. In short, by a curious and at first sight paradoxical process, Mr. Myers is best when he deals with the things in which he apparently has least interest. When he touches Wordsworth's literary achievements, he is alternately gushing and unsympathetic; when he attempts his attitude towards the things of everyday life, he writes with equal force and appreciation. After all, perhaps the thing is not so surprising as it seems. Enthusiasm is an excellent means of influencing one's fellow-creatures *vis à voce*; it is a very doubtful means of reaching them by the "cold spurt of the pen."

Mr. Myers, assisted by some valuable unpublished documents, submitted to him by friends of his own and of Wordsworth's, has given an excellent account of the poet's life, such as it was, and a running commentary on his principal works. He has not, and it may be freely acknowledged that it was quite within his discretion to comply with or to disregard an old and half-obsolete, though rather convenient, custom, given any regular peroration or summary expression of his view of Wordsworth's poetical or literary position. We have, as has been said, plenty of such summaries, yet perhaps it is not easy to appreciate the attitude of a critic unless he chooses to pose for us quietly and deliberately. As on the one hand there has been of late a recrudescence of Wordsworthianism, and as on the other much of the prevailing practice in poetical composition is singularly opposed to the Wordsworthian tradition, it might perhaps have been instructive if Mr. Myers had added his mite to the list of regular judgments. There can be little doubt that the popular judgment, favourable and unfavourable alike, is right in considering the author of the *Excursion* as exclusively the "poet of nature." But how far this is a limitation and an objection, how far it is a panegyric, these are questions upon which every critic who deserves a hearing at all ought to have his say. Mr. Myers evidently thinks that Wordsworth's abstinence from the display of purely human passions was the result of choice, not of necessity. He quotes, not without approval, the curious reported speech of the poet to the effect that, had he been a writer of love-poetry, "it would have been natural to him to write it with a degree of warmth which could hardly have been approved by his principles, and which might have been undesirable for the reader." It is difficult to repress a smile at the idea of Wordsworth incarnating the cheek of the young person, nor can we avoid joining this odd fancy with the belief of certain great writers that they ought to have been great painters, and of Wordsworth himself that he ought to have been a Wellington or a swayer of the fierce democracy of France. In truth, he was not given to think meanly of himself in any capacity, and was as likely as another to have taken command of the Channel fleet with a complete self-confidence. But that his silence on not a few of the themes which have been in the case of others most fertile of poetry was the result of a want, not of deliberate abstinence, is hardly to be doubted. The criticism of Hazlitt—a criticism often random and ill-aimed, but which, when it does strike home, always pierces to the joints and marrow—is heavy upon him here. "In Wordsworth there is a total disunion and divorce of the faculties of the mind from those of the body." This is very strong, but it is hardly too strong. No doubt this spiritual celibacy and asceticism has produced a kind of prophetic strain of contemplation and meditative rapture. But, somehow or other, some of the strings of the lyre seem to have been cut away, and one hand of the combatant seems to be tied behind him. The defect is not one of simple negation, but in the strict logical sense of privation. It is illegitimate doubtless to find fault with a poet merely for not being something other than what he is. But here the question is whether he is or is not destitute of something which he ought to have. Mr. Myers has occasionally approached this curious and interesting subject, but he has never fully dealt with it, and it is, indeed, generally shirked by all panegyrists of Wordsworth, from De Quincey downwards. But no criticism which does not face it can be said to face the whole subject fully; and we have a right to demand that criticism shall do this. Of the famous triad of

epithets, "simple" is the only one that suits the poetry of Wordsworth as a whole. It is sometimes passionate, but only with the passion of contemplative rapture. That this is a possible means of attaining the poetical temperature is certain, but it is an arduous one to employ; and the comparative rarity with which Wordsworth himself uses it successfully is the best proof of this.

MARRIAGE LAWS OF THE AUSTRALIAN BLACKS.*

HERE is a book on an extremely difficult and complicated subject, which has the misfortune to interest but few readers. The nature of marriage laws, and of what we may call here, for the sake of clearness, "prohibited degrees," among the backward races, is a topic of equal importance and perplexity. We fear that it is impossible within the limits of a review to make the matter clear to readers who have not already given it their attention. The details with which we have to deal are only familiar to specialists. At the same time, Messrs. Fison and Howitt's book contains plenty of information which will interest all readers of folk-lore. We are obliged to differ from Mr. Fison on many points, but we have to thank him for a spirited, though, we think, unsuccessful, attempt to elucidate the marriage customs of the Murri, or Australian black fellows.

In the first place, we must regret that Mr. Fison wrote his book with certain confessed prepossessions. "The chief object of this memoir," he says, "is to trace the formation of the exogamous intermarrying divisions which have been found among so many savage and barbaric tribes of the present day, and to show that what the Hon. Lewis H. Morgan calls the Punaluan family, with the Turanian system of kinship, logically results from them." It seems a pity that Mr. Fison has intended to make his book the support of Mr. Morgan's theories, which are neither very logical, very consistent, nor very satisfactory in their terminology. However, it is as a disciple of Mr. Morgan that he writes; and we must briefly explain the doctrines of the master. In 1871 Mr. Morgan published a book called *The Systems of Consanguinity and Affinity of the Human Race*. This volume contained a large mass of facts concerning the modes in which the various backward races count their relationships. Mr. Morgan did not adhere closely to his explanations of these singular customs in his later work, *Ancient Society* (1877); so it will be better to accept what we conceive to be his most recent views, those published in that volume. There he distinguishes "five different and successive forms [of the family], each having an institution of marriage peculiar to itself." Those which concern us are:—1. The Consanguine family, founded upon the intermarriage of brothers and sisters, own and collateral, in a group (*A. S. p. 384*). Mr. Morgan says that this kind of family is no longer found in existence. He infers its existence in the past from what he calls the "Malayan" system of counting kindred. In that system, for example, "my mother's sister is my mother." In the "Consanguine family" Mr. Morgan supposes that this nomenclature would have an obvious explanation—my mother's sisters are my mothers, because they are, along with my mother, the wives of their brothers. But how weak is this argument! *Ex hypothesi*, the members of the "Consanguine family" are acquainted with the nature of "blood-ties," and have even built upon them a regular "institution of marriage," not wedding out of the circle of brothers and sisters, own and collateral. Could they then be so dull as not to perceive the fact of the maternal relation? could they actually confuse mothers and aunts? Mr. Morgan reasoned (*A. S. p. 409*), "It is impossible to explain the [Malayan] system as a natural growth upon any other hypothesis than the one named, since this form of marriage [the Consanguine] alone can furnish a key to its interpretation." But this circular logic is not justified, nor is this necessity of thought established, for Mr. McLennan (*Studies in Ancient History*, pp. 372-407) has furnished another explanation of the "Malayan" system of counting kindred.

According to Mr. Morgan, the Consanguine marriage was reformed out of existence. "In course of time the evils of the first form of marriage [Consanguine] came to be perceived. . . . Among the Australians it was permanently abolished by the organization into classes, and more widely among the Turanian tribes by the organization into gentes" (*A. S. p. 409*). The organization that followed was "the Punaluan family," "produced by the gradual exclusion of own brothers and sisters from the marriage relation, the evils of which could not forever ['tis a single word, our rude forefathers thought it two] escape observation" (*A. S. p. 424*). The Punaluan family, again, was formed by excluding own brothers and sisters from marriage; this reformation changed the Consanguine into the Punaluan family. The chief reason for believing in the Punaluan family is like the reason for believing in the Consanguine family. As the historical existence of the latter would (Mr. Morgan thinks) explain the Malayan system of counting kin, so the historical existence of the Punaluan family would partly explain the "Turanian" system of counting kin. The word Turanian is here used quite at random, and includes Hindoos. But, through the "Punaluan" family, we reach Mr. Fison. His master, Mr. Morgan, after examining the "Australian class system" came to the conclusion that "its

* *Kamilaroi and Kurnai: Group-Marriage and Relationship, and Marriage by Elopement*. Drawn chiefly from the Usage of the Australian Aborigines. Also the Kurnai Tribes; their Customs in Peace and War. By Lormier Fison, M.A., and A. W. Howitt, F.G.S. With an Introduction by Lewis H. Morgan, LL.D. Melbourne: George Robertson. 1880.

primary object was to exclude own brothers and sisters from the marriage relation, while the collateral brothers and sisters were retained in that relation." That is to say, the Australian class system was instituted to reform the Consanguine into the Punaluan family. And here we are where we started—namely, at Mr. Fison's "chief object," to show that Mr. Morgan's Punaluan family and Turanian system of kinship result logically from the Australian class-system. To prove this would be to do Mr. Morgan's theory great service; for students in this country are disinclined to accept his account of the development of the family. We must now explain, as far as explanation is possible, the nature of the "Australian class-system" dealt with by Mr. Fison.

It had long been known, from the researches of Sir George Grey and Mr. Gideon Scott Lang, that marriage laws like those of the Red Indians, the people of Ashanti, and many other backward races, prevailed among many tribes of the Australian blacks. They were divided into stocks, each of which was named after some animal or plant. No man might marry a woman who bore the same stock-name and the same cognizance. A man of the Kangaroo stock might not marry a woman of the Kangaroo stock, but he might marry an Emu woman, or a Wombat woman, and so forth. Children took the stock-name and cognizance of the mother. These cognizances are now usually called "Totems," from their Red Indian name. In 1853 the Rev. Mr. Ridley, a missionary among the Kamilaroi (a numerous tribe residing north-west of Sydney), gave a lecture in that town on what he called the "castes" of the Kamilaroi. From that hour to this Mr. Ridley (who received some of his information from Mr. Lance) has been the chief authority on what he now, after Mr. Morgan, calls the "classes" of the Kamilaroi. These classes, according to Mr. Morgan and Mr. Fison, are the more or less modified results of the reforming movement which originally excluded own brothers and sisters from marriage. Mr. Fison's book contains plenty of information from other observers about other tribes. But we venture to think that, after his interest has for thirty years been directed to the subject, Mr. Ridley should have not the worst acquaintance with the topic. Now we must ask the reader to attend to this question of evidence. Mr. Fison, for his own part, is "hopelessly puzzled" on various points, and finds the terms used by natives "exasperatingly puzzling to an inquirer who is ignorant of the language" (p. 59). We propose to show that Mr. Ridley, Mr. Fison's authority, has also been "hopelessly puzzled," and that his statements cannot be accepted as conclusive evidence. The arrangement of "classes" is, therefore, still a mystery, and, so far, is of no service to the theories of Mr. Morgan or of any one else. Mr. Ridley's original statement was:—

There are four names of men—Ippai, Murri, Kubbi, and Kumbo—and four of women—Ippata, Mata, Kapota, Buta. Every black has one of these names by birth. . . . In one family all the sons are called ippai, the daughters ippata; . . . so that if you find a black man's name is ippai, you may be sure all his brothers are ippai, and his sisters ippata.

And so on. As to marriage rules, Mr. Ridley said:—

Ippai may marry an Ippata (of any other family), or any Kapota. Murri may only marry Buta. Kubbi may only marry Ippata. Kumbo may only marry Mata.

Mr. Ridley then showed how the names alternated among the children of these marriages. Here the Ippai are obviously the privileged clan. Here, too, there is no sign of "totems," and of the usual prohibitions to marry within the totem name. Mr. Ridley altered some of these statements in 1871. He had now discovered the existence of "totems" among the Kamilaroi. For example, all Ippais, and all Ippatas, were of the Emu, Blacksnake, or Bandicoot totem. All Kubbis, and all Kapotas, were of the Opossum, Kangaroo, or Iguana totem. But, oddly enough, Mr. Ridley found only two totoms among the Kumbos and Butas—namely, Emus and Blacksnakes—and only two among the Murris or Matas—namely, Iguanas and Kangaroos. This statement Mr. Ridley adhered to in his book (*Kamilaroi*. London: Trübner, 1875). At first sight this seems impossible. All children of an Ippata (they follow the mother's totem) are called Kumbo and Buta. Now the mother Ippata may be either an Emu, a Blacksnake, or a Bandicoot. Therefore her children Kumbos and Butas should be either Emus, Blacksnakes, or Bandicoots. But, in one table, the Bandicoot, according to Mr. Ridley, is not represented among Ippata's children. From Table D it appears, however, that there may be Ippata Bandicoots, when a Kubi marries an Ippata. Were it not so, when the Buta children in their turn became Ippais and Ippatas, the Bandicoot would have vanished from the class, and all Ippais and Ippatas would be Emus and Blacksnakes only. What is more remarkable, in Table D (also given by Mr. Ridley) we find a new totem among the Kumbu and Buta—namely, Bandicoot, which has no place in the list of 1875; and among the Murri and Mattha we find Opossum, which in 1875 was apparently not recognized. In a contribution to *Nature* (October 29, 1879) Mr. Ridley wrote, Ippai-Emu may marry Kubbotha-Emu. Now, on his own showing, there is no Kubbotha-Emu. He added, "a Murri may marry a Buta of the same totem." On his own showing, there is no Buta of the same totem. Perhaps it will now be conceded that Mr. Ridley's evidence is not consistent enough to form the basis of a theory. We do not dream of blaming him; the difficulties of the subject are his sufficient excuse.

We have not done with the question of evidence. In the case of the Kamilaroi, according to Mr. Ridley's most recent

statements the "classes" do not exclude men from marrying women of the same class-name. For example, Ippai Blacksnake may marry Ippata Emu, and Ippai Emu may marry Ippata Blacksnake, as may Ippai Bandicoot. Except that no Ippai may marry Ippata or Bandicoot, any Ippai may marry an Ippata not of his own totem. Here, in fact, the totem prohibition is the rule, the "class" prohibition the singular exception. This is the case, though Mr. Fison, who admits it on page 45, denies it on page 44. Well, all this is very inconvenient for Mr. Morgan. Here is the "reformatory movement" not preventing a man from marrying a woman of the same class name as his sister. Mr. Fison gets out of this difficulty by saying that the Kamilaroi are an exception to the general rule which, among other native tribes, makes it impossible for a man to marry a woman of the same name as his sister. He declares that the simplest, and probably the earliest, form of the class division among the Australian aborigines, is the separation of a community into two intermarrying classes, each having a distinct title, which is taken by every one of its members. As an example, he gives the Mount Gambier tribe, divided into two classes, called Kumite (female Kumitegor), and Kroki (female Krokigor). And these are the names used by Mr. Fison in an elaborate attempt to prove that the "Turanian system" of counting kin would result from this organization. Now, we ask, how do the totoms work here? Mr. Fison says on Mr. Stewart's information, that they do not work at all. But he adds that Mr. Stewart's words are not conclusive. The Mount Gambier tribe, with its Kumites and Krokis, has been reduced in thirty years from nine hundred to seventeen members, and is "compelled to make such matrimonial arrangements as it can." Now Mr. Stewart's evidence (p. 30) is only of yesterday. He regrets that his attention was not directed to the matter ten years ago! But what is his evidence about the classes worth? If in thirty years Mr. Ridley, a scholar and student, knows so little, how can we rely on the most well-meant endeavours of Australian country gentlemen to collect information from decayed tribes?

We have one or two other remarks to make at present. On pp. 40, 41 Mr. Fison states his opinion that what he calls the "primary divisions"—that is, Ippai, Kumbu, and the like—were originally totemistic. "In some places the primary divisions are distinguished by totoms at the present day. Probably they were so distinguished everywhere in ancient times." Mr. Fison does not see that here he has thrown up the ethnological sponge. His contention, and that of Mr. Morgan, is that the "primary divisions," the "classes," are the result of a moral reformatory movement. For example, Mr. Morgan believes in the "truthfulness" of a so-called legend that brothers and sisters intermarried promiscuously "until the evil effects of these alliances" (what language for a native legend!) "became manifest, and a council of chiefs" (Mr. Brough Smyth says the natives have no chiefs) "was assembled to consider in what way they might be averted." On the next page Mr. Morgan, with his usual logic, contradicts himself, and says:—"It is not supposable that savages design consciously reformatory measures in the strict sense of the term." However, *Ancient Society* is all built on the hypothesis of conscious reform. Very well, supposing this view to be correct, why were the "primary divisions," as Mr. Fison says they were, totemistic? The totemistic divisions, wherever we know them, do all, and more than the "primary divisions" could effect. Further, how is the origin of totemism itself to be explained? This lies behind the primary divisions; and, if we are right in believing that the origin of totemism had no connexion with morality or reform at all, why should we suppose that "primary divisions," confessedly of a totemistic character, were moral? In short, Mr. Fison says the primary divisions were moral, and reformatory, and totemistic. Why were they totemistic? This is what he has to explain. We might select an hypothesis advanced by him on p. 70 as a singular example of inability to deal with historical evidence, in this case the evidence of Herodotus.

Once more, we must assert our objection to the loose employment of words like *gens*, *curia*, *phratry*. The primary organizations are possibly "phratres" with Mr. Morgan (Preface, p. 9). Again, "the Gens of the Greek and Roman peoples, the Gens of the Iroquois, the Scotch clan, the Divisions of Kin in Australia named after animals, are unquestionably the same organization." Mr. Fison throws in the *curia*. In point of fact, all these associations, whatever they may have of common origin, vary in detail and in stages of evolution. One might as well say, "The Fishmongers' Company, the 54th Regiment, and the Carlton Club are unquestionably the same organization."

We may recur on another occasion to Mr. Fison's book, of which we have not nearly exhausted the interest. In the meantime, we think we have shaken Mr. Fison's evidence.

FROM POVERTY TO WEALTH.*

THIS novel is an extreme instance of its class, and suggests some curious reflections. The historian of the future might, by a freak of fortune, come across it, and treat it as another *Lady Flabella*; as the superlative expression of the realistic, as that was

* *From Poverty to Wealth*. A Novel. By William Theodore Hickman. 3 vols. London: Chapman & Hall, Limited.

of the fashionable and romantic, school of fiction. Of that great work, it will be remembered, only one or two priceless sentences have been preserved, by the courtesy of Mrs. Wittitely; but we have no need to complain, since the student of literature can restore it from those traces as completely as the geologist reconstructs the megatherium from the joints of a great toe. In like manner, if *From Poverty to Wealth* were lost, a cunning hand could easily restore it from almost any one of its pages. Throughout them meanders the same gentle stream of sentiment, scarcely swaying the blades of grass that hang over into it from the rich and featureless meadows of domestic life; from the first leaf to the last nothing occurs to break the monotony of uprising and down-sitting, of digging in the garden and of walking in the lane, and of all the pleasant conjugal insipidities that make up life in an English novel of the latest realistic school. We should despair of finding one passage more or less trivial, conscientious, and exact than another, so we give the very first at which we open one of the volumes:—

Perhaps it was the constant handling of the pencil and the brush, which gave the omelette-maker such accurate constructive power, for it requires an artist's touch almost to make a good sweet omelette, or perhaps it was the power that comes from practice; but as Arthur Westdale placed the jam within the omelette and gently covered it, it might be truly said that few could have excelled him in results.

A bright little cover is placed upon the dish, and then it is taken to the parlour.

The tea is made, and the salad and the bread and butter all look tempting and fresh. The little one sits upon her mother's lap, and drinks her milk with that loud sucking noise which is so attractive to the parent's ears; but she will have her portion of the omelette or know the reason why. "Dere, dere!" she cries, with the tiny forefinger pointing to the tempting dish. "Wait a minute, Molly; just let me eat this hunch of bread-and-butter," says the father; and thus the meal progresses, more liked and beneficial than though it had consisted of rich viands, with old and costly wines to wash them down.

If the reader has the patience to run his eye over these few, but tiresome, sentences he will get a very good idea of the style and intention of a whole class of novels with which our circulating libraries are just now being flooded. If he will be so complaisant as to read them twice they will give him as much insight into the mode of composition and the fallacy of taste which they display as the study of a dozen volumes. It is not more easy to conjure by the staff of Jan Steen than by that of Salvator Rosa, and perhaps it is rather less easy. Talent and training are wanted even to describe a family group seated at the tea-table, and these qualities are not to be dispensed with by the trick of copying slavishly a scene that passes daily before the writer's eyes. In M. Gustave Droz's delightful story in *Entre Nous*, no other incident is described than just this over which Mr. Hickman has expended several pages—namely, the making of an omelette, but M. Droz has contrived to serve up his fragrant dish with so much humour and picturesque detail and tender pathos that the story remains with the reader in spite of the triviality of the theme. This, indeed, is the only, while it is a perfectly sufficient, reason for chronicling small beer. The intrinsic flatness of the draught must be condoned by the sparkling way in which it is presented and by the momentous occasion on which it is produced. The beverage is of no importance in itself, but it forms a salient point round which emotions and events can cluster. But Mr. Hickman's omelette leads to nothing. It is made, it is eaten, it is forgotten in favour of some fine spring onions, which are slowly collected, washed, eaten, and forgotten, and these in their turn give place to other viands, consumed as deliberately and leading to no result whatever, not even to an indigestion. "Better the savage in his dance," better the Minerva Press in its wildest hysterics, than this tame and colourless record of nothing in particular.

The realists, however, may turn upon us and reply, "We, and the class of readers for whom we cater, disapprove of the exciting, disbelieve in the supernatural, and disdain the importunities of romantic youth. We desire truth and truth alone, the facts of life, the agreeable and bloodless struggle of commonplace people after wealth." To this we reply that their method is only duller, not more exact; that their characters do not behave more credibly, but only more stupidly, than those in old-fashioned stories of the types of Kotzebue and G. P. R. James. If we are to be realistic, let us be realistic; let us bend our minds to some of the trifling habits of men of business. Now, in the very outset of *From Poverty to Riches*, we have a person presented to us who had a mania for constructing bricks by an absurd process, the details of which are given again and again, but which need not detain us here. This person possesses no income at all, but starts in life with a capital of eight hundred pounds. The novelist wishes to point out that if he had been a prudent man, as he was married, he would have placed this generous fortune in the Funds or have otherwise invested it, and have lived upon the proceeds, which would have amounted to something less than forty pounds a year. Instead of taking this wise step, he squanders his money, as the soldier in *Punch* was afraid of doing with his fourpence, and it is the particulars of his prodigality which we desire to lay before our readers as an instance of the new realistic method. He possesses, as we have said, 800*l.*; he buys and pays for a plot of ground in the immediate neighbourhood of London, namely, at Turnham Green; on this plot of ground he builds a house and a kiln, and fits up the latter with all the necessary machinery. As he is a scrupulously honest man, he pays his way all along, with no other means than the capital above named. His kiln is an absolute failure, he makes no bricks at all; he lives for some years in the house, and one or two children are born to him. As he has earned

nothing since he arrived at Turnham Green, his wife begins to get anxious about their future, as well she may, and it is discovered that when all their debts are paid there remains of their capital exactly half—that is, 400*l.* No sordid details, no minute pretension in little things, can possibly blind us to this central absurdity, on which the whole evolution of the plot depends. When the action of a romance takes place in an enchanted forest the heroine may turn into a winged porcupine if she chooses; our faith in the narrative may survive the shock. But when we read of a gentleman of our own day who buys a plot of ground at Turnham Green, builds a house and kiln upon it, and supports a family for a year or two on four hundred pounds, all expenses included, no amount of omelettes will carry us through the narrative. As the French princess said of one of Crébillon's stories, all the guineauve in the universe will not persuade us to swallow it.

Of course the whole book is not made up of solecisms of this kind; there is proof in it of a certain limited habit of observation, some slight flashes of humour, a scarcely articulate vein of feeling. But these qualities, possessed, if they are possessed at all, merely in embryo, are by no means sufficient to justify the existence of the book. Sound views on the relation of eggs to district-visiting, and the power of commenting flippantly on the partiality of a curate for hens and pigs, even if the former gives occasion for some agreeable painting in the Dutch manner, and the latter to a scene that is genuinely amusing, are insufficient equipment for the production of a novel. Such writing as is aimed at by the new realistic school in England, even when it displays far more talent and skill than are expended by the author of *From Poverty to Wealth*, is in itself essentially needless, unless it make triviality of circumstance a platform on which to bring before us some of the large and weighty problems of human life. We are far from denying that for certain purposes in fiction the careful study of domestic detail is desirable. The French understood the art of chronicling small beer to perfection, before they went too far the other way, and repelled us by the cold brutality of their inventories. But when the worst has been said of contemporary French novels, they cannot be placed so low, as mere compositions, as those English novels which try to dance the same mad waltz, with their foot-steps carefully fettered by ignorance, decency, and a healthier national instinct. The one deserve the same consideration which we give to a clever and unscrupulous enemy; the others are simply dull and blank. That they should respond to any want in our reading class, and it is to be feared that they do, is an unfortunate proof of a very general taste, existing somewhere, for mere insipidity. We can only hope that *From Poverty to Wealth*, which is the poorest example we have come across, may mark the low-water level to be reached by the wave of domestic realism.

WALLACE'S EPICUREANISM.*

OF this sketch of the Epicurean philosophy, issued by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, we can speak as highly as we spoke of Mr. Douglas's volume on Confucianism and Taoism (*Saturday Review*, March 13, 1880). The latter belongs to the series which deals with non-Christian religious systems; the former to a series treating of the chief ancient philosophies. But these ancient philosophies were to a large extent religious as well as intellectual systems; and Epicureanism is almost as strictly a religion as the system of Pythagoras. It takes away, indeed, all that in the general belief of mankind can serve as the foundation of any real belief in a divine ordering of the world; but, along with an ethical code thrown into a dogmatic form, it provides a cultus not unlike that of modern Positivism, and professes to furnish an outlet for the religious emotions as well as for the social instincts of humanity. Nothing but good can come from the careful and impartial examination of these systems, whether of philosophy or of religion; and in Mr. Wallace's volume the reader who comes to it with little or no previous knowledge of the subject will find, not merely a clear exposition of Epicurean teaching in all its aspects, but an excellent sketch of the social and political conditions which marked its origin and fostered its growth, of the documentary sources which furnish such information about it as we possess, and of the influence which it has exercised on the thought and practice of more recent ages.

Perfect fairness and a judicial impartiality, it need scarcely be said, are the first qualifications for such a task; but we are guilty of no unfairness to Epicurus, or to any one else, as a teacher whether of religion or philosophy, if we bring out clearly and sharply the radical differences between his system and any other which we may be comparing. If it be the case that Epicurus leaves absolutely no room for the conception of a single conscious mind as the source and the preserver of all being, and if, shutting out any such belief, he goes on to speak of certain beings, of indescribably attenuated matter, who have nothing whatever to do with human affairs for either good or harm, and to whom he chooses to give the name of gods, then it seems useless, and perhaps mischievous, to represent Epicurus as speaking at all about God. The introduction of the noun in the singular number can be legitimate only when we are addressing those for whom the existence of a creator and ruler who knows

* *Epicureanism*. By William Wallace, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Merton College, Oxford. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. 1880.

that he is creating and ruling is a reality. It matters not whether such a man believes further in the existence of a multitude of beings to whom he gives the name of gods; for these fade away into distance when the worshipper rises into the serener region in which Sophocles (*Ed. Tyr.* 862) saw only the eternal purity and holiness of the everlasting God. But to a man who utterly shuts out this belief we cannot ascribe any opinions about God without introducing confusion of thought into the mind of the general modern reader. In truth, it is not easy to see what is gained by the use of such language for any class of readers whatever. Mr. Wallace is perfectly well aware that Epicurus would have nothing to say for the idea of a divine father and judge of all mankind, and he states this plainly; but, having done so, he speaks elsewhere of the sense of divinity which pressed even Epicurus to express some sort of belief in God, and by so speaking he weakens, as we believe, the impression which he would otherwise have left on the student's mind. If, then, the reference be to the term with its modern connotation, Epicurus was beyond doubt an atheist, and we cannot suppose that he would have had a moment's hesitation in so declaring himself. Hence those who describe him as such are not necessarily, as Mr. Wallace (p. 202) styles them, careless; and he does but confuse a tolerably clear matter when he adds that "the existence of the Gods is what Epicurus never denies; but what he, on the contrary, asserts as a fundamental truth." It is hard to see how any truth can be fundamental on which no other truth is made to stand, and no one could show better than Mr. Wallace that the ideas which it pleased Epicurus to put forth about his so-called gods were simply worthless fancies. Their abode is in the vacant spaces between the worlds; they have nothing to do with men, with their thoughts, their words, or their deeds; they are material and corporeal. They are, as Mr. Wallace puts it, "neither weak enough to be biassed by human offers nor malicious enough to seek to injure man." But the important point in this belief or fancy of Epicurus was, that whatever the malice might be, they would be impotent to carry it out. "Man need have no fear of the gods. They are powerless equally for hurt or help." In short, they might at the worst be compared to Edward the Confessor, who could tell an offender that he would hurt him if he could. But to say of such a fancy as this that it still leaves "the godhead worthy of all worship" (p. 207) is to use words almost without meaning. We have here, in truth, no godhead at all; and the best excuse for Epicurus is to be found in the fact that the popular traditional dogmas were so oppressive and so degrading as fairly to justify his unbelief.

In thus unduly toning down his language Mr. Wallace somewhat weakens both the vigour of his sketch and his hold on the attention and interest of his readers. Visions of the night and dreams of the waking hours are caused by wandering atoms, infinitely attenuated husks of material bodies, whose complete form these poor fragments have the power of presenting to the mind. But, while Epicurus insisted that these were to be generally distrusted, as resting solely on the deliverance of the senses, he yet maintained that they were the only possible means by which men became acquainted with the existence of the gods. The philosopher is treated with more than equity when Mr. Wallace speaks of him as "recognizing this avenue of ideas solely on account of its theological bearings without intimately discussing or weighing its evidential worth" (p. 226). On the whole, his way of dealing with the weak points, or rather, it might be said, the glaring follies and absurdities, into which Epicurus allows himself to wander, is too indulgent; and this is the more to be regretted because he is dealing with a system which has been misunderstood to a degree beyond most other systems. In Mr. Wallace's words, "misconstruction and misrepresentation have made it their victim"; but the victim is one which deserves no great compassion. The misconceptions of its opponents have scarcely ascribed to it errors much more mischievous than those into which it actually ran. The causes which favoured its growth also shaped the opposition which it encountered. Mr. Wallace cites the sharp comments of Lactantius, who speaks of it as flourishing because it tells the ignorant that they need study no literature, and releases the niggardly from the duties of public beneficence, forbidding the loungers to serve the State, the sluggard to work, and the coward to fight, telling the goddess that the gods are indifferent, and assuring the selfish and discontented that they need give nothing to any one, because the wise man does everything for his own sake. We can scarcely deny that Lactantius is describing what in a certain sense is a gospel for many classes of mankind, if not for all, when he goes on to tell us that, from Epicurus,

The reclus hears the praises of solitude; and the miser learns that life can be supported on water and pottage. The man who hates his wife is presented with a list of the blessings of celibacy; the parent of a worthless offspring hears how good a thing is childlessness; the children of impious parents are told that there is no natural obligation upon them. The weak and luxurious are reminded that pain is the worst of all evils; and the brave man, that the sage is happy even in tortures. Those who are ambitious are bidden to court the sovereign; and those who shrink from worry are directed to avoid the palace.

This clever summary of Lactantius is rather an exaggeration than a misrepresentation, nor is even the exaggeration great. It describes fairly enough the isolation which is perhaps the chief characteristic, as it certainly is the groundwork, of the system of Epicurus. It is not true to say that the philosopher attracted disciples by the bait of sensual self-indulgence; and probably no one ever believed that he did, for the fancies of those who know nothing about the matter cannot be taken into account. For a long series

of generations the impression which the system left on outsiders was that of a somewhat repulsive severity. If, we may take as genuine one of the letters given by Diogenes Laertius, the Epicurean Pleasure may be defined as the absence of pain in the body and trouble in the soul (the second condition corresponding to the quietude, or *Ataraxia*, of the Stoic), or as "sober reasoning, searching out the reasons for every choice and avoidance, and banishing those beliefs through which greatest tumults take possession of the soul." The system thus involves a very troublesome introspection, which is perhaps made the more disagreeable because it has no necessary reference to the condition of any one but the thinker. The condition of the thinker, if sound and healthy, will or may promote indirectly the good of others; but it is on his own good exclusively that his mind is to be fixed. It is, therefore, no exaggeration if we speak of Epicurus's teaching as reducing the life of man in theory to an absolute solitude, and as limiting the period of dreary exile strictly to the present life. On this point there is no room for doubt. Plato may use language which at one time upholds and at another discountenances the belief that man has more before him than some threescore years and ten; but Epicurus takes care to nip all such fancies in the bud. "Death," he says in the same letter, "is nothing to us, seeing that when we are, death is not yet; and when death comes, then we are not. It is nothing, then, either to the living or the dead, for it is not found with the living, and the dead exist no longer." It is only when we take this dogmatic denial of continued existence along with his fancies as to the existence of life-enjoying gods in some chinks and crevices of the universe, and his certainty as to the absence of any supreme controlling mind and will, that we appreciate fully the absolute atheism of the man. For the mystic there may be an attraction in even those aspects of the Buddhist Nirvana which approach most nearly to the common idea of annihilation; for Nirvana is at its worst (if the term may be used) a state which the soul has attained as the consummation of life-long effort, and in which it is absorbed into the infinite thought of the universe. But, according to Epicurus, there is no thought into which it may be absorbed, no mind to which it may return as a child to its parent.

It might have been well if Mr. Wallace had brought these two features of the Epicurean system more closely together, and thus have shown with greater clearness to how large an extent it was dependent for its growth and power on particular political and social circumstances. It might have been better also if he had made more prominent the plethora of assumptions in the Epicurean philosophy, which, when the attention is fixed exclusively upon them, may not only satiate, but disgust, the inquirer. The habit of assuming facts, and especially facts which are fundamental to the theory, belongs to all ancient and to not a few modern systems of thought; but, as compared with the practice of Socrates or of Plato, that of Epicurus is absolutely reckless, and in no other part of his system has he assumed a wilder licence of assumption than in his theory of atoms. This theory, Mr. Wallace urges, has had many hard things said of it. It has been styled, he says, "a conception which destroys the beauty and grandeur of the universe, which substitutes mere chance for a cosmical plan, and mechanism for organic life." These charges, he adds, are chiefly due to a misunderstanding. "They express what is largely a grievance of the sentiments and the higher emotions, and under-estimate the necessities of scientific explanation. All science in its abstract processes of investigation must take up a position at times antagonistic to the poetic and religious tendencies of our nature. The analyst must break up the unity into its ingredients, split the whole into its fractions." This is scarcely so clear as it should be. There is no repulsion in the minds of any who may fairly be called thinkers at all for the splitting up of a whole into fractions, however small, which are yet cognizable by some method of human observation. The infinitely little in the universe is as amazing as the infinitely great, and perhaps even more overwhelming. It is only when the smallest cognizable fragments are used as a basis for inferring the existence of fragments infinitely more minute, and lying confessedly beyond the reach of human ken, that some who do not care to submit to arbitrary dictation raise a protest against a method which seems to travel beyond the bounds of legitimate scientific process. There is nothing to frighten those who believe that the Cosmos is upheld by Mind in the many-shaped atoms of Epicurus, some catching others with their hooks and claws, others repelling them from their rounded and impenetrable sides, so long as these atoms can be scientifically made known to us. It is only when the philosopher bids us follow him across a border beyond which all scientific instruments known to man are wholly useless, that such thinkers demur to the demands made on their powers of belief or credulity; and their objection may take, and fairly take, the form of strong protest when this speculation has for its goal a conclusion which banishes the Creator from His universe altogether. The atoms of Epicurus may be left to their movements in the wide domain of the Cosmos until the modern analyst endows certain ultimate atoms among them, more dead and dull and impenetrable than the rest, with the promise and the potency of all life. The demand for an explanation of the source of this power or potency is perfectly legitimate; and not less legitimate in the absence of such explanation is the inference that the extension of an analytic process beyond the bounds of the known and the ponderable is not legitimate. Mr. Wallace's comments on the changes which the Epicurean theory of atoms has undergone in the hands of modern philosophers are excellent and

instructive. But he certainly falls into no sin of excess when he tells us that

The real advance of modern atomism, as seen in the speculations of Kant or of Bosovich, is in the substitution of forces for hard points. Matter is looked upon as constituted by centres of forces, in a complex set of relations, dependent one upon another and yet resisting each other's influence. The appearance of extension and solidity is pronounced to rest upon the reciprocal attractions and repulsions of their active centres. But, after all, when forces have been substituted for extended atoms, the ultimate difficulty still remains. Why are these forces so located, and these atoms so arranged in the world? And the only possible answer to this question, other than a re-assertion that such is the given fact, is to refer to an underlying power which divides its energies in their diverse seats of force.

When the modern analyst speaks of certain ultimate atoms as endowed with a potency of life, he is, in fact, referring to an underlying power, the difference between himself and Bosovich being that he asks us virtually to admit that the power which bestowed this potency has vanished away, while Bosovich holds that it is nothing less than the will of the ever-present God. But, like many other philosophers, Epicurus was far better than his system and his supposed beliefs; and of Epicurus as a teacher and a friend Mr. Wallace has given a picture as genial and attractive as it is vivid and true.

MINOR NOTICES.

MR. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS has written a very lively and interesting account of Rossini for the series of "Great Musicians" (1) published by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. There is perhaps something too much current of this kind of biography; but we are not disposed to quarrel with the system so long as it leads to our getting such pleasant and interesting writing as Mr. Sutherland Edwards has given us in his "Rossini." The writer starts with a modest introduction, which to those who did not know how capable he was of dealing with his subject—of making his study at once sound and attractive—might give little hint of the pleasure and instruction which are to be got from his work. Mr. Sutherland Edwards is a musician, and a musician of a judiciously catholic taste. It is not his way to assume that because A. writes good, B. writes bad, music; and this is apparent in spite of his wise avoidance of controversial writing. His appreciation of Rossini is especially welcome at a time when one cannot but note the existence of a class of literary and artistic dabbles who think to show their "consummate" understanding of music by senseless sneers, expressed either in writing or conversation as chance may serve them, at what they are pleased to call the old-fashioned Italian school. Mr. Edwards's book is full of instruction for such as these, if they would but take it. He has, apart from his keen and unassuming critical remarks, given a capital sketch of the growth and final development of Rossini's character; and his volume is skillfully sprinkled with anecdote. We do not wish to pick out the plums of this kind, and therefore quote only one story. On a certain occasion Rossini was compelled by his contract to write music for a hopelessly absurd libretto. "The task he now set himself was to compose to his ridiculous libretto music more ridiculous even than the words. Tenor music was given to the bass, who, to execute it, had to shout at the top of his voice. The soprano, on the other hand, had been furnished with a contralto part, which made demands only upon the lowest notes of her voice. A singer of notorious incompetence was provided with a most difficult air, accompanied pianissimo, so that his faults might at least not be concealed. Another singer, whose burlesque appearance never failed to throw the house into convulsions, had to sing a sentimental melody of the most lackadaisical kind. The orchestration was quite as remarkable as the writing for the voices. One of Rossini's great merits consists in his having introduced new instruments into the operatic orchestra of his time; and in scoring *Il Figlio per Azzardo* he wrote parts for instruments of percussion never before and probably never afterwards employed. These were the tin shades of the candles with which the desks of the players were furnished, and which, in one movement, had to be struck at the beginning of each bar." The joke was apparently unperceived or tolerated for some time by the audience, but in the end Rossini had to make his escape from the theatre.

Of a widely different kind is the editor's first contribution to the series (2). Apparently Mr. Hueffer has not troubled himself to read Mr. Edwards's volume. He was of course safe in trusting to Mr. Edwards's knowledge and literary skill, but he should have read "Rossini" if only to save himself from the monstrous and utterly unfounded statement that "it requires, indeed, all the patience of an English audience to endure nowadays the performance of *Semiramide*, or any of Rossini's serious operas, except *Guillaume Tell*." It would not be too much to call this sentence absolutely unimportant nonsense, but for the reflection that the writer has the advantage of describing facts without being prejudiced in any direction by intimate knowledge of them. A judgment formed in this way has, no doubt, its own value, which readers may be left to estimate as they will. As to Herr Wagner Mr. Hueffer has

many commonplaces to utter, and he finds or makes an opportunity for descanting through several pages upon the metaphysics of Schopenhauer. We now pass on to give a few specimens of Mr. Hueffer's style. "The Titan was again progressing in enormous strides towards Utopia." "Europe by this time had got tired of the pompous seriousness of French declamation. It lent but too willing an ear to the new gospel, and eagerly quaffed the intoxicating potion which Rossini poured forth." "The recitativo secco is treated by him (Rossini) with all the dryness which that ominous name implies, and the melodious structure, founded mostly on dance-like rhythms, verges often on the trivial. Only rarely does the swan of Pesaro rise with the dramatic power of the situation to a commensurable height of passionate impulse." If anything could set people against Herr Wagner, who at present admires him without thinking him the only possible composer, it would be such stuff as Mr. Hueffer has written. It is to be hoped that Mr. Hueffer will be as judicious in future cases with regard to non-interference as he has been in the case of Mr. Edwards; and it may be hoped at the same time that he will in future confine himself to purely editorial duties.

Mr. Copinger's work on the law of Copyright (3) has reached a second edition, in which it has received considerable additions and improvements. It is a diligent and useful treatise, though somewhat old-fashioned in style; Mr. Copinger quotes more or less hackneyed lines of Horace, for instance, on very slight provocation. The book establishes a certain claim to literary as well as legal interest by giving a sketch of the history of the subject in England prior to the statute of Anne which has been the groundwork of our modern legislation. The facts are clearly enough given; but the discussion—where discussion comes in—is not quite satisfactory; possibly because it is handled in a rather summary way, as a digression from the author's more practical objects. Mr. Copinger seems to us to argue a little too confidently from the monopoly and privileges of the Stationers' Company to the general existence of copyright at common law, which, if it existed at all, must have been perpetual. On the other hand, he is quite right in calling attention to the curious fluctuation of judicial opinion on the point. In the last century the weight of authority was certainly in favour of the common law right, on grounds not so much of legal authority as of policy and abstract justice; and on these grounds the question of principle is still much debated, and perpetuity of copyright is not without strenuous advocates. Almost every possible argument on either side may be found in the evidence taken before the recent Copyright Commission. We cannot say that Mr. Copinger throws much new light on the controversy. At the outset he seems to adopt the language of those who take the high view that copyright is property in the fullest sense, and ought to be as absolute as any other property. But in a later chapter he cites with approval the first Napoleon's objections to perpetuity, as recorded by the framers of the French codes. In dealing with the rule that courts of justice will recognize no copyright in libellous or immoral books, Mr. Copinger misses, we think, its real ground and criterion; it was equally missed, however, by Story, from whom he cites a more than usually nebulous paragraph. The true reason for protection being refused in these cases is not merely that the book is considered immoral or the like, but that the publication is, or is supposed to be, an actual offence punishable by the criminal law. Mr. Copinger cites (without reference, and we must say that he is not unfrequently loose in the matter of references) a recent Scottish case, in which it was decided that a certain book was not blasphemous for being Unitarian. If the account given is correct, the Sheriff-substitute overlooked the circumstance that Unitarianism is no longer proscribed by statute, the statute of William III. "for the more effectual suppressing of blasphemy and profaneness," having long since been repealed as regards persons denying the Trinity. The collection of foreign laws at the end of the book will be found convenient for reference, and the design of adding a chapter on the relations between authors and publishers is in itself a good one. The treatment of this topic, however, falls rather short of the mark of present practice. Nothing is said of the agreement on the footing of a fixed royalty on every copy sold, or on every copy beyond a certain number, which is rapidly superseding agreements involving an account of profits, such as the common "half-profits" form. The same observation applies to the collection of precedents for agreements with publishers which is given in the appendix. Most of these appear to be copies of actual agreements printed in reported cases, which, of course, is no security for their value as models. Indeed, the better a document of any kind is drawn, the less likely is it to come into court. And in fact these are with few exceptions clumsily drafted, redundant in trifles and obscure in essentials, and, on the whole, fitter for warning than for example. Several of the leading publishers now use printed forms adapted to the most usual types of agreement, and copies of these, one would think, might have been obtained with moderate trouble. In one precedent we find the obsolete verbiage "lawful money of Great Britain," which for many years has been without the shadow of excuse, and in a new book ought to have been struck out. We may add that any one who delights in curious specimens of the French of Stratford-at-Bow may find one in Mr. Copinger's Appendix E, being the form used at Stationers'

(1) *The Great Musicians*. Edited by Francis Hueffer. *Rossini and his School*. By H. Sutherland Edwards. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(2) *The Great Musicians*. Edited by F. Hueffer. *Wagner*. By the Editor. London: Sampson Low & Co.

(3) *The Law of Copyright in Works of Literature and Art, &c.* By Walter Arthur Copinger, of the Middle Temple, Esq., Barrister-at-Law. Second Edition. London: Stevens & Haynes. 1881.

Hall for the registration of foreign works under the International Copyright Act.

There is a good old game of "Lights" at which everybody ought to have played. So if our readers have not done so, we will not help them to its laws. "Lights" have their great, because undeterminate, value in the long game of the world's progress, and in particular in the pursuit of technical arts and sciences. We may give emphasis to this postulate in reference to that historical development of European and Christian architecture which the Gothic school first placed upon its true basis, and with which the wooers of Anna Regina have in much later times so prettily toyed. Mr. Bernard Smith's dashing *Sketches Abroad* (4)—namely, in more precise language, in Germany and in Switzerland, but in no region of the Latin race—range from public buildings and churches in Nuremberg and Lübeck down to drinking-vessels and prickets in the Berlin Museum, and cast some decidedly sparkling lights upon the art which they are intended to benefit. The author has the humorous prudence to launch his bark upon the world without a word of explanatory letterpress beyond a short preface and a prominent table of contents. The bent of his mind, however, is sufficiently evident without the necessity of any explanatory label. Varied outline and aspiring skyline arrest his pencil, and in his collection such specimens of the Renaissance as he exhibits range themselves as caprices founded on mediæval precedent, and not as retrocessions to the simpler lines of classical architecture.

Mr. James Parker, who is confessedly author as well as publisher of this brochure, has reprinted in a portable form his articles upon *The Ornaments Rubric; its History and Meaning* (5), which originally appeared as a series of papers in the *Penny Post*. In these he has, with much logic, research, and acuteness, and, at the same time, in popular phraseology, discussed a question which ought to be (as it usually is not) handled, like any other problem of history, with a simple passionless intention of arriving at the truth. The absolute meaning of the Ornaments Rubric found in the Prayer Book of 1662 is one question. Its present legal value is another one. The moral and social desirableness of ornate ceremonial is a third and very distinct consideration, and the policy regarded under the lights of worldly wisdom, tact, and towardness of modern Ritualism and of its opponents is a fourth matter of legitimate debate. These are all different controversies, and yet they are all of them too frequently jumbled together. Mr. Parker's business is primarily with the first of them, although he deals with it in reference to the second; and we must confess that the conviction to which he induces us to lean is that, whether the chasuble be a wise or a foolish, a graceful or an unsightly, garment, it is, at all events, a legal one within the Reformed Church of England, so far as it may not have been repressed by the "superior force" of the Judicial Committee.

The Kasidah of Hâjî Abdû el Yezdî: a Lay of the Higher Law (6), is a fanciful attempt to evolve a new system of philosophy out of a heterogeneous mass of materials, consisting chiefly of scraps of learning picked out from translations of works in the various Oriental languages. It is written in somewhat prosy couplets, and is attributed to a native of Yezd, in Persia. It is a pity that the learned author should have committed an unpardonable solecism in the Oriental title, which he has ostentatiously printed in Arabic characters on the cover of his work and repeated on the title-page. We would call the Hâjî's attention to the fact that *Al Kasidah Hâjî Abdû* is not Persian, and is still less Arabic. But perhaps he has a language as well as a philosophy of his own.

Mr. Wace has written a "prefatory note" to his life of the Laureate (7). In this he writes that "care has been taken to exclude whatever would offend good taste." It is not improbable that many people will agree with us that, if the good intention thus expressed had been adequately carried out, there would have been nothing issued of Mr. Wace's book except the two covers.

We are perhaps somewhat surfeited with books which tell us what to do in order to be perfectly healthy; or, in other words, to avoid the inevitable (8). Books of this kind have appeared of late like the Three Bears—in big size, in middle size, and in little size. Mr. Corfield's belongs to the Little-Bear class, and has the merit of being thoroughly clear and thoroughly practical. It is hardly necessary to say that there is no one better qualified than Mr. Corfield to discourse on this subject. He is neither utopian nor pedantic. All that he has to say is well founded and worth attention, and when he feels it necessary to put his case strongly he does it with a moderation which is in pleasing contrast to the repellent dogmatism of some writers, who would like, or who affect that they would like, to see everybody living according to hard and fast rules. Mr. Corfield suggests rather than commands; and his suggestions are founded on practical experience and knowledge.

(4) *Sketches Abroad, made whilst Travelling Student of the Royal Academy, 1876.* By Bernard Smith. High Holborn: Batsford.

(5) *The Ornaments Rubric; its History and Meaning.* A Series of Papers contributed to the "Penny Post," rearranged. Oxford and London: Parker & Co. 1881.

(6) *The Kasidah of Hâjî Abdû el Yezdî: a Lay of the Higher Law.* London: Quaritch.

(7) *Alfred Tennyson; his Life and Works.* By Walter E. Wace. Edinburgh: Macniven & Wallace.

(8) *The London Science Class-Books.* Edited by G. C. Foster and Philip Magnus. *The Laws of Health.* By W. H. Corfield. London: Longmans & Co.

For an instance of his skill and method we may refer readers to his paragraph on "Times for Meals," in p. 73 of a volume the size of which is in inverse proportion to its value.

Messrs. Bentley have issued an edition of *Ingoldsby Lyrics* (9), several of which make their appearance for the first time in print, and all of which will no doubt be gladly welcomed by the admirers of the "Legends."

Mr. Taylor's *First Principles of Euclid* (10) seems to us an excellent little work. The author's scholastic experience taught him the existence of certain serious difficulties in the way of beginners at Euclid. Euclid "constructed his work on a plan which is logically consistent, but altogether wanting in that gradation which is so essential to beginners. . . . The various editions of Euclid do not help the learner to apply any power of geometrical reasoning he may attain. True, they generally contain deductions to be worked out; but these are given at the end of Euclid's text, and need some intermediate exercises to give the pupil power over them." These difficulties Mr. Taylor has met and combated most successfully, and boys who are allowed to learn Euclid after Mr. Taylor's fashion will be a great deal better off than their predecessors.

Four thin volumes of unique interest have been issued by Mr. Batsford (11). Their nature will be best explained by a few brief quotations from the preface of Mr. Dickens, who has done his work admirably, both as introducer and translator. "In these hundred sketches," Mr. Dickens begins, "of Fujisan, the Master has sought to portray the Peerless Mountain, with the varying aspect and environment under which the grandest object of surrounding Nature was familiar to his fellow-dwellers in the capital of the Eastern Provinces. . . . Of the Master himself but little is known." Hokusai, who was born, it is supposed, in 1756, "was, undoubtedly, even according to a Western standard, a man of true genius. He belonged to the 'ukiyo-ye' (passing-world picture)—that is, realistic genre school, and founded a division or offshoot of it, known among the writers of his time as the Katsushika school." Mr. Dickens goes on to make some very interesting and valuable remarks on Japanese art in general. "The young student rarely, if ever, draws from nature; he merely copies from the flat until his hand attains the requisite flexuous dexterity, and he becomes thoroughly imbued with the traditions of his foregoers. He learns, indeed, to write rather than to draw his sketches." The method adopted prevents any effacement or retouching; if a slip is made, the whole thing has to be begun again. The art is based entirely upon conventionalism, but it is conventionalism "of a high and unforced type, sincerely natural, and devoid of all rigidity."

The reader who is already acquainted with Mr. Dickens's curious and interesting volumes will the more readily appreciate the rare beauty of the designs (12) which appear in Mr. Cutler's work on Japanese Ornament and Design, an admirably got-up book, which is full of interest in every page, and of which we may have more to say upon a future occasion.

The admirable essay (13) which Mr. Comyns Carr wrote as an introduction to the Catalogue of the Old Masters Exhibition held at the Grosvenor Gallery some time since, and with which many of our readers are doubtless familiar, is now republished separately in a handsome volume, with illustrations taken from the best examples in the Exhibition.

(9) *The Ingoldsby Lyrics.* By Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq. Edited by his Son. London: Bentley & Son.

(10) *First Principles of Euclid.* By T. S. Taylor. London: Bells Brothers.

(11) *Fugaku Hizaku-Kai; or, a Hundred Views of Fuji (Fusiyama) by Hokusai.* Introductory and Explanatory Prefaces, with Translations from the Japanese and descriptions of the Plates, by Fredk. V. Dickens. London: Batsford.

(12) *A Grammar of Japanese Ornament and Design.* By Thomas W. Cutler. London: Batsford.

(13) *Drawings by the Old Masters.* With an Introductory Essay by J. Comyns Carr. London: Remington.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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